



*Translated* The Much-esteemed *Imagined*  
**HISTORY**

<sup>1702</sup>  
 Of the Ever-famous Knight

*Don Quixote de la Mancha :*

Containing his many wonderful

ADVENTURES & ATCHIEVEMENTS,

Very Pleasant and Diverting.

WITH THE

Chomical Humours of *Sancho Pan-*  
*cha*, his remarkable 'Squire, &c.

*In Two Parts.*

Being an Entire

**HISTORY**

Of all the

Memorable Transactions  
 Recorded of them.

*Illustrated with Copper-Plates, representing Eleven of  
 the most remarkable Passages in the History, curiously  
 Engraven.*

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THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER.

[ Might, no doubt, very well have spared the Reader so much trouble as to peruse a Preface to recommend this so well-known and everywhere approved History to your favourable Acceptance, which in all likelihood as it never did it never will miss of due Praise amongst all Conditions of People, not only in ours but in other Nations, gaining universal Applause; for, let me be plain with you, I cannot but be of their Opinion who are apt to conjecture, nay, certainly to conclude, that Don Quixote, the chief Subject of this delightful History, has travelled farther in this manner than ever his fam'd Rozinante was able to carry him, though, in casting an Eye on the ensuing Pages, you will find he was no Shuffler but a well-managed Beast, that would scour to the purpose when his Master's Necessity required him to be brought off, where he unadvisedly had engaged too far in a dangerous Undertaking.

To be brief, without trifling with the celebrated History of Don Quixote de la Mancha, It has  
A 2 been

## The Preface to the Reader.

been and is at present so highly esteemed, that it is found in most European Languages: It was originally written by a Grandee of Spain, to shew the Error of those that relied on feigned Stories of Knights-Errant, and took so wonderfully, that Thirty Thousand of the First Part were sold before the Second could be prepared for the Press by the same Hand, though a spurious Second Part, of little Worth, and of which Abuse in many Absurdities the Author complains, did peep abroad in the mean while. It contains variety of delightful Passages, in which, for the most part, the conceited Knight and his comical Squire had a Finger; centring however, in Moral Solidity, by exposing Folly, that Men might learn to shun it.

You have in these few Sheets the First and Second Part of Don Quixote, &c. contracted from the Original, the Conceits sharpened, and so much in a little compass, that in reading you will find nothing worthy of note omitted; for though the Quantity may be lessen'd, yet herein, leaving you to be your own Judges, you have the Quality or Quintessence of all more refined and correct than any since Don Quixote began to speak Languages different from that of Spain.

As for any further Apology it needs not; and therefore I submit it as it is to your Perusal, who cannot reasonably censure it, without running a hazard to be accounted malicious in attempting to wound the Original, which Author has already had so many judicious Sentences in favour of his Witty Project; that all you can expect will redound to no more advantage in the Sequel than his Don Quixote's encountering the Wind-mill, when, by an unlucky Mistake, he took it for a Giant transformed by Enchantment.

Vale.

Don

## Don Quixote de la Mancha,

TO THE

## English READER.

I Am Don Quixote of the Spanish Race,  
Long time I did my Native-Country grace;  
But, born to travel, Spain too streight I found,  
Which made me leave stiff Dons and Sun-burnt  
To visit the more Northern Climes and see [Ground,  
How other Nations wou'd accept of me:  
Passing Pyrenian-hills, I enter'd France,  
And made the Monsieur to my Pipe soon dance;  
His light Heels caper'd when he read my Pranks,  
And loud he cry'd, Seignior, me give you thanks;  
Your pleasant Stories (hang me like an Elf)  
Do make me laugh till me be-pifs mine self.  
To Holland then and Germany I went,  
In me those lead-head Nations found content:  
Then passing o're the Rubicon-like Streight,  
In Albion's Lap I found as kind a Fate;  
Tho' there my mad Pranks least they cou'd descry,  
'Cause there are Thousands full as made as I;  
Men that have Wind-mills in their Pates like mine,  
Finding Inchantments in their Drabs and Wine;  
Bustle and Sweat, with endless Toil and Care,  
To frame at last strange Castles in the Air;

A 3

My

My Whimsies with them soon I found wou'd hit,  
 If I could but into their *Lingua* get;  
 This made me search, till stumbling on a Friend,  
 Who taught me English, and my Humour kenn'd  
 So, quite forgetting Spanish, I'm your own,  
 To find the Country Mirth and please the Town.  
 Me as a Stranger then no longer hold,  
 But with me as a Native now make bold:  
 If any thing extravagant there be,  
 By my Life mend, your own reform by me;  
 And much then of my Doubts I shall be eas'd,  
 When in what's writ both Profit, and are pleas'd.

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The Much-esteemed

# HISTORY

Of the Ever-famous Knight

*Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

The First Part.

### C H A P. I.

*A brief Character of the famous Don Quixote, and what induced him to turn Knight-errant. How he chose Dulcinea del Toboso, a Butcher's Daughter whom he never saw, to be the Lady of his Adventures. How, taking an Inn for an enchanted Castle, in his first Sally he was dubbed a Knight by the Inn-keeper, after a terrible Encounter with divers Carriers that removed his Armour: With other comical Adventures, and his return homeward.*

TH  
**A**mongst other renowned Persons whose acquired Reputations and Fame have been scattered through the Universe, and made those that lived in their Times as well as those that have read their Histories startle at their Heroick Actions, not long since there lived in the ancient Village

of the *Mancha*, in *Spain*, a Gentleman who was early studious in reading Romances, and admired even to admiration it self those Books that treated of Knight-errantry, with which he so stuffed and over-loaded his Study, that the vast Expence he was at on that Score wasted a great part of his Patrimony, before he had absolutely cast it in his mind to make himself renowned to all Posterity, by imitating, and if possible out-doing such Heroes as those Legends treated of; he spoke of them always with profound Reverence and Respect, and waxed angry when he found any such diffident Persons as seem to question the truth of what was recorded in their praise, and had many a hot Contests about it with wise Men as well as Fools, with the Learned as well as the Ignorant. I shall not trouble my Reader with a Catalogue of his Ancestors, nor of the vast Estate they left him; which indeed was not, as I can find, very considerable, yet his Family consisted of a labouring Servant who managed his Rural Affairs; an old Woman, or Governant, to whose care all the Domestick Matters were committed; of a young succulent Girl not twenty, who was his Niece by the Sister's side; and of an old Horse, who proved an excellent Servant to him in all his Undertakings, as will in the Series of this History largely appear.

Altho' his Cellar and Pantry for the most part were but slenderly furnished, yet his Hall was plentifully stowed with Pikes, Javelins, Basket-hilted Swords, Back and Breast-pieces, Murrions, &c. but by reason he had little Time to spare out of his Study, and that mostly spent upon Hunting and Reading Lectures of Military Discipline to the Rusticks, his Armory was but little mind-

infomuch that when he came to his last Resolution, in taking a Journey to seek strange Adventures, to his no little displeasure, he found them almost spoiled with Rust and Cobwebs; it this daunted him not, nor made the least stagger in his noble Resolution: he furbished Back his great Grandfather's Sword and a Helmet, and if possible out-doing such as was wanting; and, after a tedious search, nothing that kind presented it self but a musty Murrion, and of that too his Niece had made a Chamber-pot upon occasion; yet he furbished it up and gave a Workman a large Brass Pot-lid to hammer out and make a Beaver of it according to the best of his Art and Skill. When he had vetted it, or rather clouted it together, *Don Quixote*, for so he named himself in this Undertaking, clapped it on, and finding it covered his head, concluded he had gotten a sure Head-piece to save them and his Brains from the Strokes of the Swords of the Knights he intended to encounter with, and from the Violence of the boistrous Giants Clubs, whose Bodies he intended to cut sunder, and to give that Generation of Men little Quarter where-ever they should fall into his hands, because they so often expressed their barbarous Cruelty to courteous Knights, wandring ladies and distressed Damsels by thrusting them to (and many times chaining and almost starving them) in the Dungeons of enchanted Castles. Being thus far forwarded, he caused his Horse to be brought forth that he might give him a Name, according to the Custom of such as had before him set out to seek the like Adventures, that the Place in History no more than *Bucephalus*, *Boyardo*,

ardo, or *Belieca*, who had not been distinguished from other Horses but upon this account; and because *Rozin* in *Spanish* signifies a Horse of Labour, or Carriage, he joyning to that the *Latin* word *ante*, before, called him *Rozinante*; which is as much as to say, a Horse that sometimes was a Horse of Carriage, or such a one before he was put to this famous new Service, and, pronouncing it with an Emphasis, he concluded it sounded gracefully.

All this done, the most material thing was yet lacking, *viz.* a Lady on whom he might place his Affection and bestow his Services; for he concluded a Knight-errant, without an adored Mistress, is a meer Blank, or like a Body inanimate for, on her account, and for her sake, he is to run all the Hazard, and she to reap the Advantage of all his mighty Achievements. This made him for a while thus expostulate with himself, What will it avail me, if I should overthrow some famous Knight-errant to the Ground at a stroke, or confound some mighty Giant, so that they yield and beg their Lives with Tears, if I am destitute of a Lady to whom I may send them, or present them, and that entering into her presence they may fall prostrate before my lovely adored Lady: And if a Giant to say, Sweet Madam, I am the Giant *Carculiambro*, Lord of the Island of *Malindrania*, whom the valiant and ever-victorious Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha* has in single Combate overcome and humble to the Dust; which never-to-be-too-much-praised Worthy has laid his Commands to present my self to your Highness; that it may please you, most sovereign Lady, to order and dispose of me as shall seem good in your Wisdom and Clemency.

The

These Fancies brightned his Countenance, which before was very meager, with a celebrated Joy; and hereupon he cast in his Mind for such an adored Mistress, that his Fame and great Achievements might carry her Name to distant Places where he should travel in search of Adventures. A long time he cudgelled his Brains and racked his Invention to pitch upon one suitable to his purpose: In the end his lucky Stars proving favourable, a handsom young Wench came into his thoughts, who lived in an adjacent Village named *Aldonza Lorenzo*; indeed he had never seen her, but took all upon report of his Ploughman, who had often praised her Features and good Conditions. To this Butcher's Daughter he made his Vows of lasting Love; but not liking her Name, that it might nearer suit to some great Princess, he changed it to that of *Dulcinea del Tobosa*, the latter from the place of her Birth; and, pronouncing her Name often, it sounded so harmonious, and so well gingled in his Ears, that, without ever going about to take leave of her, he resolved to set forward in search of Noble Adventures.

No sooner had *Aurora* opened the Curtains of the Morning, but he, armed at all points, mounted on *Rozinante*, and travelled as his Horse would lead him; he travelled almost all that Day without encountering any thing worthy to be recorded in his History, and Night approaching, both himself and Steed began to be very much tired with the Fatigue of a long Journey in sultry Weather, when, to his great rejoycing, from a rising Ground, he discovered an Inn, which taking for a Castle, he hasted thither, kept by either Knights or Giants; here he concluded to light on some

strange Adventure ; he fancied the Chimnies be Turrets or Pinacles of glistering Silver, because they had been newly white-washed, as the Custom in that Country is in Inns, the better to discover them at a distance to Passengers and draw them the better to them ; but approaching and perceiving no Draw-bridge or deep Foss and other Adherents belonging to such places, check'd *Roxinante* at a little distance, to see if a Trumpet would Sound, to give warning, the Dwarf mount the Battlements ; but on the contrary nothing appearing but two buckskin Damselfs, who had come thither on Pack-horses, it being an Inn where the Carriers of *Sevil* took up their Stage, because *Roxinante* kept a coil to go to the Stable, being almost famish'd, he advanced towards them, and taking these loose Baggages for two lovely Ladies that solaced at the Castle-gate, he began to accost them in the most obliging Language he was furnished withal : but was interrupted by a Swinheard, who blew his Horn to call his Hogs to their Sty ; he started taking it for a Trumpet blown by the Dwarf, and gave notice of his arrival. During his now being grown big with the expectation of some strange Adventure, the burly Host, seeing a Man armed in a strange manner at his Gate, came up to him and demanded the occasion of his coming. The Host, who was a cunning Knave, *Don Quixote* took for the Constable of the Castle, and thereupon, courteously saluting him, told him who he was, and upon what account he had made a fall from his Habitation to ramble the World over, viz. in search of Adventures, &c. The Host soon perceiving his blind Side, welcomed him to his Castle, as he called it, the better to keep

his Humour ; but indeed, hoping to squeeze him out of his Mony, if he had any, for he had been a notable Thief, and still knew well-enough to manage the Tack on all Occasions.

He no sooner alighted and got *Roxinante* stabled, but the Damselfs were over-officious to unarm him, which for the most part they did ; but his new-ordered Beaver was thrust on so close by the Armourer in fitting it, that they tugged at it in vain, pulling him till his Ears crack'd ; so finding in time they could not remove it, without in a manner pulling off his Head and all, he was contented to make a monstrous strange Figure with it on : But, being very hungry and dry, he demanded what the Castle afforded to accommodate one of his Profession. The Host told him, in answer to it, that the Custom of the Place was to feed on Trouts. He liked this very well, protesting he loved Trouts above all other Fish : But instead of Trouts, having commanded the Table to be spread, was brought Poor Jack and Brown Bread, not much differing in colour from his Boots ; also Water, which they perswaded him was *Champain-Wine*, the only Wine they used to drink there ; but going to eat contentedly, believing whatever they said to be true, our credulous Knight-errant could not without great difficulty get at his Mouth, his Beaver standing in the way ; so that in this sad plight, he craving assistance, that his hungry Stomach might not be deluded when such Dainties were before him, the two Damselfs, out of compassion, undertook the kind Office to ram in the Poor Jack with a Pudding-stick, having much ado to keep their Countenances, whilst the Host fetched a Funnel, and putting, when he craved Drink,



the lesser end to his Lips, poured the Water in the greater so fast, that *Don Quixote* was forced to cry out, Hold, hold, courteous Knight, or I shall be drowned. Whilst thus he was attended, in came a Sow-gelder to enquire for Lodging, who, blowing his Horn, confirmed our Knight-Errant he was in a Castle well attended, since he was allowed Musick at his Supper; not in the least disputing but the Wenches were great Ladies, kept Prisoners there, and the Host a worthy Knight-Errant who kept it, and used graciously according to their Quality.

No sooner was the Cloth drawn, but *Don Quixote* fell into a heavy dump to consider he was not yet Knighted, and therefore according to the honourable Rules of Knight-Errantry, could not undertake any noble Enterprize; which made him fall at his Host's Feet, and implore him to dub him a Knight, protesting not to rise till he had given him promise to lead him unto the Chappel of the Castle, and confer the Honour of Knight-hood upon him. The crafty Fellow smiled at this, and to put him off, told him, The Chappel being ruinous was pulled down, and not yet rebuilt; but if he would be patient till the Morning, he would find a way to do it with more due Ceremony and Grandure than at present it could be done; and that according to the Rules he must, as in Penance, this Night watch his Armour in the Base-court. *Don Quixote*, pleased with this Promise and Excuse for deferring it a while, willingly consented, and immediately his Armour was brought and laid upon the Cystern, where the Carriers usually watered their Horses, which he took for an Altar, where he devoutly watched with his Lance in his hand, walking majestick-

ly by them, and calling on the Name of *Dulcinea del Toboso* to influence him by her Love and cherishing Smiles, promising to himself then, what mighty things he should be able to perform in her Service: Whilst he was in these Cogitations, a rude Carrier, who was ignorant of the matter, came and removed the Armour, throwing it on the Ground, that he might the more freely come at the Cystern to water his Horse; though *Don Quixote* in high words had warned him, what Knight soever he were, not to dare to touch it on peril of his Life, and better it had been for him he had taken it, for the enraged Manchean, to revenge this Affront, gave him such a polt on the Pate, with the Truncheon-end of his Lance, that he stunned him, insomuch that he lay intranced, and so carefully laid up the Armour again; which he scarcely had done, but another Carrier came and threw it down again on the same account. This second Affront so enraged the noble *Don Quixote*, that he souced him, after some Reproaches for his Rudeness, over the Souce, so forcibly as made him stagger and fall with his Nose directly in the Breech of his Companion; but some who from the Windows saw these violent Actions, by Moon-light, cried out, Murther, and alaruming the Inn, the rest of the Carriers got up, and came running in their Shirts; but our valiant Champion being on his Guard, the stoutest durst not approach his Fury, but at a distance paulted him through Loopholes, sending a shower of Stones about his Ears, which had undoubtedly beat out his Brains, had not his Beaver or Helmet secured him from such Misfortune.

The Host hearing the Uproar, came, and by Commands first, and afterwards gentle Words,



appealed the Fray. The hurt Men were taken up, carried in, and looked after, and they proving only to be stunned, with a little rubbing, and Wine pouring down their Throats, soon recovered: In the mean while *Don Quixote* magnified this his first Adventure in such terrible words, that the most hardy trembled at the sound of them; and the Host fearing this Breach not being well made up, might be renewed, and sitting him before, perceived he had little Money about him, of which he resolved to make sure, to prevent further Mischiefe, and the sooner to be rid of him, the Morning now breaking, consented to dub him a Knight; at which he greatly rejoiced, and at the Host's command fell on his Knees in a puddle of Water, then Swearing him upon a Half-peck, and reading out of a Book in which was set down an account of his Oats, Straw and Hay, which our Heroe took for the Rules of the Order of Knighthood; he in the close gave him two or three confounded slaps over the Shoulders and Neck with the flat of his Sword, which made him shrug again, commanding him thereupon to rise up thrice Noble and Renowned *Don Quixote* of the Order of *Mancha* Knight, which he did, and lowly bowed with many humble thanks for the Favour done him. Then were the Damsels called, the one to gird on his Sword, and the other to place and fasten on his Spurs; the which, whilst they were doing, according as their Host had before directed them, their nimble Fingers dived into his Pockets, so that the Devil might have danced there, for they left him never a Cross to keep him out. The Host well noting what was done, began immediately to strain Courtesie with him to depart, for now he was Knighted he would loose

time

time; but since he was but a new Knight, and had killed neither Knight nor Giant in any Encounter yet, whereby he might take to himself a peculiar Device, it was convenient he should procure white Armour at the next Town he came at, for so by the Rules of Chivalry he was bound to do. This a little startled our Heroe, because he knew not readily where to procure such, and made him consider of staying till he might send to get them; but this Motion of his making the Host more uneasie, he pumped for an Invention, and at last hit on it, *viz.* That for the present they would chalk his Armour over where it was rusty, and so it might pass currant enough for white Armour. This good Office he joyfully accepted of, and all hands were employed to do it, making quick dispatch.

This done, he mounted *Rozinante*, and bowing to his Neck in token of Thankfulness, uttered many obliging Expressions, he set Spurs and away he trotted: No sooner was he gone, but the Wenches delivered their Host the Money they had taken from our new Knight-Errant, which was ten Duccaroons; part of it was spent in Feasting them, the rest he kept himself; and the Discourse of this strange Adventure a long time made them merry, in which good Humour we'll leave them, and follow our noble Champion in search of his good Fortune, &c.

## C H A P. II.

*How on his Return he rescued a Shepherd's Boy from a miserable Whipping. Of the Encounter he had with certain Merchants on the Road; and the unmerciful Beating a Lacquey gave him, upon the Advantage gain'd in falling with his Horse: How, being carried home in a deplorable Condition, he was received by his Niece and Servants: How the Curate and Barber condemn'd his Library of Books of Knight-errantry to the Flames; and the Device they used to make him believe the Enchanter in his Absence had stole them, &c.*

**N**O sooner our Warriour got out of sight of the supposed Castle, but, coming near a Wood-side, he heard a doleful Cry, and concluding it one in distress, made up to it directed by the sound, when he found a Youth stripped and tyed to a Tree, and an old Fellow, who was his Master, whipping his Back severely with a Cat of Nine-tails, for losing his Sheep in the Forrest: *Don Quixote*, whose Business it now was to compassionate the Distressed, and rescue them from their Sufferings, seeing how unmercifully the old Man laid on, with a terrible Voice commanded him to desist, or he would make the Sun shine through his Body. The Churl perceiving he had couched his Javelling, and was about to tilt at him, grew fearful, and prayed him to be patient, and he would not only desist from giving him more Stripes, but loose and set the Lad free; this he instantly did: And then *Don Quixote*, sitting on *Rozinante*, to hear and decide the Matter between them, the old Man began to open his Case,

Case, telling him, that he had trusted *Andrew*, meaning the Boy, with his Sheep, and that by his Laziness and Neglect, he had let the Wolf, or the Thieves get several of them; for which Fault he had given him this due Correction. The Boy on the other side alledged, That his Master owed him sixty Reals for Wages, and because he would not pay him, he pretended his Sheep were lost; when indeed they were not, for he had drawn them from the Fold himself and sold them. Our Heroick Justicer hearing this, and ever enclining to the weaker Side, commanded the Master presently to pay his Servant the Money he demanded, or upon Refusal, he would scourge him to death with Scorpions. The Farmer, terrified with such unusual Menaces, in a trembling Fit, alledged he had laid our Money for Shooes for him, and for letting him Blood in his Sickness, and consequently did not owe him so much as he reckoned. Our Knight of *Mancha* little regarded this, but forced him to leave it to his Decision; and then he awarded he should pay him all his Money to a Doit; and that since the Shooes were Leather, and worn out, he should be satisfied with the Skin he had whipped off the Boy's Back, in lieu of them; and with the Blood he had fetch'd, for the Money he had paid the Barber for Bleeding him. To this he made the old Man solemnly promise his Consent, which he mutteringly did, with many Protestations: But no sooner was our Heroe out of sight, bragging what a mighty Deliverance he had wrought by his Courage and Arms, but the crafty old Churl, wheedling the Lad to him, under Pretence of Paying him his Money, bound him again, and whipt him more unmercifully than before; deriding him when

when he call'd upon his late Deliverer for new Succour, laughing him to Scorn; but well was it for him he knew nothing of it.

*Don Quixote*; after the late Boy-adventure, riding jocundly on till he came to four Cross-ways found himself then at a stand, which to take, and putting the Choice to *Rozinante* he wisely smelt out that which led to his Stable at Home, but very ill for his Master: For meeting with a company of Merchants of *Toledo*, and their Servants, taking them for wandering Knights, the whim came in his Noddle to place himself in the middle of them, and put himself in a Posture to stop their Passage, unless they would confess there was not in all the World a more Beautiful Damsel than the Empress of *Mancha*, the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*; at first they stood in amazement what the meaning of such a Folly should be, but finding him press it further, they desired to see the Picture of this Beautiful Lady he so boasted of, if it was no bigger than a Wheat-corn, that they might be enabled to give a better Judgment: For, continued one deridingly, I believe we are already so well inclined to your side, that if she were Blind of one Eye, and the other rained Fire and Brimstone, we should give it in Favour of her. *Don Quixote*, all enraged at this, cried, Base Scoundrels, I tell you no such thing drops from her; nothing, I say, but Musk and Civet, and all *Arabian* Perfumes are in her Breath: She is not Blind of one Eye, nor crooked, but straighter than a Spindle; but all you together shall pay for the base Aspersions you have cast upon so Immense a Beauty. Now whilst he prepared to take his full Revenge, *Rozinante*, weak with Age,

and Famishment, stumbling in a Rut, fell with his valiant Master, who by reason of the Bruise he received, and the weight of his Armour, could not so soon rise as to prevent one of the Merchant's Servants wresting his Lance from him and beating him with it so unmercifully, till splintered it in many pieces; *Don Quixote*, all the while complaining of the Baseness of the Squire to beat him at an Advantage; and moreover, that he not being dubbed a Knight, had nothing to do to exercise Arms; but for all this the Fellow left not off till he was weary of Thrashing, and then hasted after his Masters, who by this time were gotten almost out of sight. And here, in this bruised deplorable Condition our Knight had lay, enduring a World of Misery and Disgrace, not able to revenge or help himself, yet in a raving Fit, had not an honest Farmer of *Mancha* come by and remounted him, conveying him also to his own Home, where his sudden withdrawing had caused much Surprise, Sorrow and Confusion. However, *Peter Perez*, the Curate of *Mancha* coming to the House and finding the Niece, old Woman and Plow-man in a piteous taking, as fearing our Heroe had come by some great Misfortune, comforted them in declaring he could easily tell them upon what mad and frolicksom Design *Don Quixote* had so abruptly left his Habitation unknown to them, for he had perceived the Maggot working in his Pate some time before, upon his reading so many Books of Knight-errantry, which Fables and Stories had turned his Brain, to that degree, that he now verily believed he was gone to endeavour to put that in Practice, that he had so often heard him talk of in an extravagant manner.

On my Conscience and Honesty, says the Niece Mr. Curate, I verily believe you have hit the Nail on the Head, for I vow and protest I have known my Uncle continue the Lecture of those unhappy Books two Nights and Days together without minding either Eating or Drinking, and then would he start up on a sudden, draw his Sword, and fall a hewing and slashing the wooden carved Images that stand in his Chamber and Study, swearing they were Giants, naming them by such particular Names as he found in his Romances, and that they came to steal fair Ladies and Damsels, to carry them to enchanted Castles. This last Observation confirmed them all, that the reading of such Books had done him a great deal of Mischief; so that laying their Heads together in conclusion, they agreed to send for *Don Nicholas* the Barber of the Town, a Fellow of a fine Wit to help peruse his Library, and give Censure on such Books as should be found the cause of so much Evil to the Owner; they had no sooner sent but they heard a trampling of Horses in the base Court, when the Niece going to the Door, came running back as in a fright, crying, Yonder is my Uncle! Yonder is my Uncle, armed Cap-à-pee! and has brought a Giant with him Prisoner, I think mounted on a Mule, to devour all our Bulls Chaldrons. How! Bulls Chaldrons, said the Curate; why that more than other Meat, I pray? Why, I know no other than that I have read it in one of my Uncle's Books, that Giants feed upon nothing else, and that it is that makes them grow so devilish big and strong over other People. Whilst this Dialect held, *Don Quixote*, and *Pedro* the Farmer where come to the Door and met by the Plow-man and old Governant of the

the House, who were exceeding glad to see their Master returned again, and so were the rest who soon joyned with them; but understanding by the Farmer in what a Condition he found the worthy Knight, and that by reason of the mighty Bangs and Bruises he had unfortunately receiv'd from some ill People, it was more necessary to get him to Bed and give him Cordials, than delay it; for since he remounted him his Speech much falter'd, and for a quarter of an Hour past, he had not heard him speak any Word, but often Groan: *Pedro* had no sooner declared this, but *Don Quixote*, through long want of Food, and the hard Usage he receiv'd in the last Encounter, fainted and tottered on *Rozinante*, his Spirits so much failing him that he had fell if they had not taken him off his Horse, unarmed him and put him to Bed, where having forced some Cordials upon him, they left him asleep to refresh and rest his bruised and weary Limbs.

This was no sooner done, but in skipped the Barber, who was also Sexton of the Parish, and being told to what end he was sent for, they got the Keys and immediately entred *Don Quixote's* Study, which was a spacious Room, but somewhat hung with Cobwebs, by reason he admitted none into it but himself; there turning over they found whole Cart-loads of Romances, or Books of Knight-errantry, Poetry and the like; some of which, that were written in the most accurate Stile, and treated of Virtuous Love and Honour, they spared, the rest were carried to a Pile in the Back-yard, where the old Woman and Niece, one for the good of her Master, and the other for that of her Uncle, were over officious to set Fire to the Brush-bavins, whilst the

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Curate and Barber were giving Sentence on them as worfe, and having done more mischief than all the Heretical Books the feveral Popes for many Ages had doomed to the Flames. Then might you fee the Knight of the Burning Sword blaze terribly; *Orlando Furioso* grow stark-mad in the Fire, the Giant *Brandimart* more more horrible than when *Don Bellianis* clove him in halves *Hercules's* Labours sweat, and King *Arthur* with his Knights of the Round Table scamper about till they were reduced to Ashes; never was there fuch Destruction of Knight-errants, Squires, Dwarfs, Giants, Inchanters and Enchanted Castles as in this sad Conflagration: When all was reduced to a little Duft, they fell to confulting how they might impofe upon our new Knight-errant when he came to fearch for his Books, and foon it was agreed, that the Door of his Study fhould be quite taken away, the place bricked up, daubed over with Lime, and White-wafhed, and he perfuaded that *Frifton* the great Inchanter had been there in his abfence with a Troop of Devils ftormed his Castle, and in fpite of all oppofition at once taken away his Study and Books; carrying them God knows whither in a Whirl-wind making a Sack to convey them in of a great blue Cloud, he by his Art fucked up from the Neighbouring Fens, and this as he could wifh did afterwards pafs on currant; our credulous Knight errant, though the lofs much difturbed him, he fwearing in a great Rage, that that damn'd Magician had always been his Enemy, as envying the Renown and Glory, he forefaw he fhould attain to in favour of fome other, yet he doubted not he fhould one Day be reveng'd on him, by finishing the Inchantment, destroying his Castle, and

king his Head off; at which they could not refrain from Laughter, but knowing his cholerick Humour, they refrained as much as might be, for fear of angering him; but chiefly left their Menriment fhould difcover the Falacy they had put upon fo renowned a Heroe.

### C H A P. III.

*How Don Quixote refolving on a fecond Sally, in fearch of Adventures, chofe Sancho Pancha his Squire. His famous Encounter with the Wind-mill, which he took for a transformed Giant, and the bad fuccefs that befel him. How they routed two Monks; and had a dreadful Encounter with a Bifcainer, whom he overcame, and what befel him amongst the Shepherds with whom he lodged.*

**T**HOUGH *Don Quixote* much grieved, and was not altogether free from Ravings for the lofs of his Library, yet he had fo many of the Romantick Stories ftuffed in his Head, as without the help of reading, intoxicated his weak Brain; for no fooner was he recovered of his Bruifes, but fill'd with Threats and Indignation, he refolved to be revenged upon him that had fo belaboured his Sides, though he travelled the World in fearch of him; and if he mift him, to revenge the high Affront and Indignity on all others that fhould dare to oppofe his Wrath. All this while he had not miffed his Money, but now feeling in his Pockets to give Charity to an old long-bearded Beggar at the Door, whom he fancied to be a decayed Knight-Errant paff bearing Arms, he found

found not a Soufe ; therefore, not in the least mistrusting the Knight of the Castle, who had dubbed him, nor his Damfels, he concluded that Merchants he met on the Road were a Crew of bloody cut-throat Thieves, and he that had so tightly banged him had taken his Mony, vowing now, if he met them by any good Fortune, not to give them the Law of Arms, as altogether unworthy of it, but to take them by force and hang them for Scare-crows upon the next Tree, crying out at the same time, *O Dulcinea del Toboso* had not thy bright Influence protected me at the same time, the best Knight in the World and the Eternal Adorer of thy Orient Eyes, had been lost by the drift of his Horse, who otherwise had been always victorious, and against whose Force no Knight nor Giant is able to prevail.

Resolving now upon a second Expedition, in search of Adventures, he cast in his mind, that in his Readings he had found the most renowned Knight-errants always to have carried 'Squire with them, not only to give them attendance and credit them in the Company of Noble Personages but to carry the Wallet or Portmantua, where in their Salves, Oyntments, Lint, and other things were contained, proper to stench Blood and dress Wounds, after great Combats and Battels, in which they were not always likely to escape Scot-free ; likewise to take care of and guard the many noble Prisoners they should take and carry Letters secretly to captive Ladies to console them with promise of speedy freedom, and for want of such a one he was verily persuaded he had succeeded no better in his first Adventures.

As Luck would have it, whilst these things ran in his Head, it fortunately came into his Memory, that a down-right Dunstable Fellow, a near Neighbour of his, who was as whimsical as himself, was the fittest Person to accompany him in this weighty Employment ; he instantly went and treated with him, and, upon promising great Matters, particularly, the Government of an Island, when Fortune should give it into his hands by Conquest ; he found him tractable and as easie to be drawn on as a single-soled Shooe, his Name was *Sancho Panca* : And so the Agreement being made between them, *Don Quixote* ordered him the next Moonshiny-night to steal away from his Wife and Daughter, bringing with him only his Ass, whom he named *Dapple*, and a Wallet to carry Necessaries in, and come to him behind his Palace, where he should find him mounted and armed, ready to depart in search of Adventures. This Command of his Lord *Sancho* punctually complied with ; *Don Quixote* in the mean while having turned his chief Mannor into ready Money, to supply them with such Necessaries as might be wanting in Desarts, Forests, and at the long Siege of Castles, where they were not likely to be had ; especially it run in his Thoughts, that he might often have occasion for clean Shirts, and so he stored himself therewith at *Mancha*, to prevent Disappointments ; and so, unknown to any Body but themselves, they set forward, riding hard all Night, so that when the Sun-beams began to guild the Earth, making all Nature rejoyce with its chearing Influence, they were got out of reach of being pursued and perswaded to return, discoursing on the way of the great things they were to possess, *Sancho* flattering and hugging himself,



self, that his Wife *Tirefa*, contrary to her Knowledge or Expectation, and in spite of her Teeth, should ere long be a Queen, and his Daughter Married to some great Duke or Marquis at least, and so his Posterity be enobled far beyond what any of his Ancesters could boast, who had mostly been Cow-herds and Swin-herds. Whilst this Discourse held, and these Thoughts were breeding and multiplying, they came into a spacious Field, where *Don Quixote* discovered a considerable number of Windmills, when addressing himself to his Squire, he said, Now, *Sancho*, have I an honourable occasion to shew my Valour; see you yonder Giants, how terribly they move and swing their long Arms about, challenging or daring me to the Combate (for the Sails were then going;) but I shall soon make 'em repent their Fool-hardiness and enrich thee with their Spoils, for this is a good War and a great Service both to God and Man, to take away so pestilent a Seed from the face of the Earth. Alas, Master, said *Sancho*, you are mistaken, your Eyes deceive you this misty Morning, these are no Giants; but Windmills. Thou Fool, replied *Don Quixote* angrily, I see plainly thou art yet a meer Novice in such Adventures; I tell you they are Giants; and you shall see me prove it upon the Body of the foremost presently, to his utter Overthrow and Confusion; and hereupon couched his Lance, spurred on *Roxinante* with great fury; and striking it into the Bars of the Windmill-sails, that it being fastned to the Hilt or Truncheon, and he fast locked in his Saddle, a stiff Gale blowing, up went Horse and Man; and being quite canted over, were thrown into a great Pond, and lucky it was; for had they fallen from that height

eight with such a swing, they had unavoidably been beaten to pieces; however, they plunged, and *Don Quixote* near drowned was brought out by his good Steed, at which *Sancho* could scarcely refrain from Laughter, yet composing his Countenance as well as he could, and running to meet him, Good Master, said he, did not I tell you they were no Giants, but Windmills; and now you have found it to your own cost, and I for my part had like to have lost the best Master in the World by so rash an Adventure. Peace, Screech-owl, replied *Don Quixote*, I tell thee yet, I know them to be Giants; but the sage *Freston*, who robbed me late of my Books to hinder my rising Fame and Glory, the more to despight me, has all on a sudden by his Art-magick turned them into Windmills, but another time I shall be revenged on them, when he is not at leisure to come to their aid as he now has done. This satisfied *Sancho*, and so they rode on the way which guided towards the Passage or Gate of *Lapice*, in which road *Don Quixote* assured his Squire they could not miss of some admirable Adventure: Here they laid under an Oak, and refreshed themselves with such Victuals as *Sancho* had brought in his Waller, which was Brown bread, Cheese, and Onions, which our Knight-Errant praised to the Skies, saying, It became their Profession to live hardy, and not complain of Wants or Wounds, though never so extrem. This startled *Sancho*, but his Master bid him be of good Courage, for this belonged to the Knight only; as for the Squire, he had never read in any Book, but that he had Liberty of Conscience, and might eat deliciously when he could get it, and leave to complain as often as he would with or without a cause. This very much satisf-



satisfied him, and so having eaten, and the Waller closed, they kept on their way, and in a low decent between Hills, where the way was narrow, they saw a Coach at a distance, and Horsemen riding before and after it, upon which *Don Quixote* turning to his 'Squire said, Now *Sancho* an honourable Adventure offers itself to raise my Fame to the Stars, these Caitiffs are carrying a way Prisoner some great Princess, I saw her peep out of the Coach, and held her hand as supplicating to implore my Valour for her rescue; but I charge thee, whatever Distress thou seest me in, now or at any time, stir not to my Aid, for that is against the Law of Knighthood. Truly, replied *Sancho*, unless in Defence of my own Person, I am not very forward in these honourable Occasions, for I naturally hate Wounds and Bruises.

Whilst they thus discourse, the first two advanced a good way before the Coach, being Benedictine Monks on their Mules, with two Lacquies running by them. *Don Quixote* would not believe *Sancho* nor their own words they were such, but after having rated them as Traytors to lay violent hands on a Princess, though they protested they were ignorant of any such matter, ran against the foremost with his Lance, who willingly slipped from his Mule to the ground, or the point had gone clear through; the other Monk, seeing his Companion thus roughly used, set Spurs to his Mule and posted away as fast as he could, concluding this to be a desperate Madman. The Monk was no sooner down, and *Don Quixote* gone to parley with the Ladies in the Coach, but *Sancho* hastened to take the Plunder of the Field, but as he was reaching the fallen Monk, pretending it his lawful Prize, won by the Prowess of his renowned Master

but the two Lacquies fell upon him, and so basted him, that for a time he lay on the ground unable to rise; in the mean while they help'd the Monk to mount, and away he rode in a trembling haste to his Fellow, who stayed expecting him at a great distance, both Crossing themselves, and Blessing God that had delivered them from the Paws of the Devil.

*Don Quixote* by this time having acquainted the Ladies who he was, what a mighty Deliverance he had wrought for them, how they were now at perfect Liberty, all the favour he required of them was to go back to *Toboso*, and present themselves before the peerless *Dulcinea*, the Mistress of his Heart, and confess by whose hand their Deliverance was wrought: A *Biscayan* Gentleman who rode behind the Coach, hearing this Bumbast, and perceiving the Coach stop'd, and a talk of its going back again, advanced on his Mule and in threatening Words, commanded him to let them pass on, or, swearing as he was a Gentleman, he would take off his Head for such an offered Insolence: This so enraged *Don Quixote*, that after disdainning him as not being a Knight, he told him, He would sharply chastise his Presumption for going about to carry away a Princess, though at the same time the Ladies (for there were several in the Coach, though one was Mistress of the rest, whom *Don Quixote* took for the Princess, and the others for her Damosels) were no Captives, nor was there any Princess amongst them, but that they were a going to *Sevil* about urgent Business; and for those Men he had encountered, they were Strangers to them, desiring him to desist and let them pass on; but he was deaf to what they said, thinking they

spoke out of fear as being in Custody of their Enemies, who would make them say what other ways they would not have done, so that to be brief, after many aggravating words passing between the two Champions, a dreadful Combat ensued, in which *Don Quixote* had unfortunately the left side of his Helmet shaved away, with a good part of his Ear, by a violent Stroak of the *Biscayan's* Sword; which made him bustle so stoutly, that his Adversary being ill mounted, he with a stroak of his Sword, and rushing in with *Roxante* upon his Mule, threw both to the Ground; but the Lady intreating for the Life of her Gentleman, who now lay at *Don Quixote's* Mercy, and passing her Word he should go to *Toboso*, and present himself to his Lady upon the Condition he propos'd, he was pacified, let him rise; and thus the Combate ending they part, *Sancho* having pretty well weather'd the Blows receive from the Monks Lacquies; and perceiving his Master come off thus honourably, for whose good Success he had prayed during the Combate, was not so far wanting in his Duty, but that he ran to him, kneeled by his Horse's side, kissed his Hand, and not forgetting to extol his Valour to the Skies, proceeded humbly to beseech him to be mindful of his Promise, and now bestow upon him the Island he had gained by this Combate, for, let it be never so large, he was sure he could govern it as well as any one of his Quality that ever governed in this World. His Discourse made our Heroe smile, and mildly said, I pray, my good Squire, reckon not your Chickens too soon, this Combate was not for the winning of an Island, but for the freeing of a great Princess. This, and such other like Combates

but thwartings on the Highway, wherein nothing is to be gained but broken Pates, the loss of an Ear, an Eye, or so forth; be but patient however while some Adventure offers, whereby thou shalt not only be made a Governour, but also a very great Man. *Sancho* thanked him kindly, and mounting *Dapple*, on they rid talking, yet was *Don Quixote* vexed at the Heart that his Helmet was defaced, and more at the smart of his Ear, which much troubled him, because as yet they had bought neither Ointments nor Salves to apply to it; but *Sancho* knowing his Grief, gave him a little ease by chawing a piece of Cheese in his Mouth, and laying it on with a little Wool he took off from a Bryar, so stopping the Blood and keeping the Air from it.

In riding much Ground, without encountering any Village, Town, or Farm-house, towards the evening they came to a place where were several Goat-herds, who had pitched their Tents, and were feeding their Flocks on the side of a pleasant green Mountain; *Sancho* intreated his Master, that it being late, they far from any Town, and their Provision near spent, he would in kindness to them both, take up his Quarters with these Men for a Night or so, and the rather because our crafty Squire smelt their Pots a boiling, and hoped well by such means to satisfy his craving Stomach, he being well assured, as formerly having been a Herdsman himself, that these kind of Fellows so well love their Guts, that if there be any thing eatable within ten Miles of their Parade, if they cannot otherways procure it, they will be sure to steal it. *Don Quixote*, though at first he took them to be Knight-Errants, who had been dismounted by some more valiant than

themselves, and had their Horses taken away as the spoil of the Field, since the last Brush, began to hearken more carefully to his 'Squire, who told him, They were but Goat-herds, and shewed him their Flocks grazing, and their Tents, &c. was now contented to be ruled, and so towards them they went, when by good luck one of them knew *Sancho*, and understanding on what account they were Travelling, it was concluded by the general Vote they should be kindly entertained, and it might, for ought I know, be a well-timed Courtesie; for noble *Don Quixote* had determined within himself, upon the least Affront, to have fell upon them with the violence of a Whirlwind, and over-turned their Huts, Porridge-pots and all; and in further Revenge, no doubt had laid his Commands on *Sancho*, to piss all their Fires out, and starved them in the cold Night; but as it happen'd all proved well, and they very civilly entertained both him and his 'Squire at Supper with Goats-flesh and other Provisions; their Table-cloth being the inside of Goats-skins, their Seats the Ground on Rushes; tho' in good manners, for our noble Heroe, they set all hands at work to raise a feat of Turf: *Sancho* would eat his Supper standing, in honour to his Master, tho' he often commanded him to sit down and be merry. The Horn went merrily round with Wine, and after Supper they told many pleasant Stories, which *Don Quixote* sat up till Mid-night to be entertained with, as also their Songs which were sufficiently musical; but *Sancho* crept into a corner of their great Tent, wrapt himself up in a Goats-skin, and there lay snoaring till Morning. *Don Quixote*, at his time of lying down, would needs sleep in his Armour, though they proffered

to help him off with it, lest, as he said, any surprise might happen by Knight-Errants or Giants, that he might be in a readiness to defend them and their Flocks; for which care, they outwardly thanked him, but inwardly smiled at his folly: however, they laid under him several well-fleeced Sheep-skins, yet he much troubled them in his sleep, by crying out, as in a Rapture, O most Divine *Dulcinea del Toboso*, peerless Queen of my Heart, Kingdoms, compell'd by the Valour of thy Adorer, shall bend to thee, and lay their Crowns at thy Feet, thou shalt have Captive Giants to draw thy Charriot, and Queens to wait on thy Train.

These, and much such like Expressions, he often used in his sleep; sometimes he would hastily call for Arms, and seem to express himself as if he was Combating in earnest with some Knight or Giant, or Storming the Battlements of an Enchanted Castle, but the shades of Night descending to the Deep, and the glorious Sun-beams restoring the Day, he roused from his broken slumber, and called up *Sancho*, whom he found still snooring, and, when wakened, very loath to turn out. He had instantly taken his leave of the Goat-herds, and was preparing to do it, when a young Shepherd in black Sheep-skin, or Mourning among Shepherds, brought news that the learned and virtuous *Christofome* was dead: They in much fright and amazement demanded the cause of his Death; and was answer'd, His despair for the Love of the beautiful Shepherdess *Marcela*, had sunk him to his Grave, after many Scorns and Disdains she had put upon his noble and worthy Services, and that he was to be Buried at the foot of the Rock in the Field of *Acc-*

leda, where his Eyes contracted the fatal Love by the first sight of the cruel Fair one: Here *Don Quixote* interrupted him, earnestly demanding whether or no this *Christostom* was a Knight-Errant, for he concluded none other could be capable of so immense Affection, as to die for the Love of an Lady in the World; but was answer'd, He was not, but a Scholar, nobly born, who for her sake and to follow her about in the Fields, Woods, and Mountains, had left all and turned Shepherd. That she was of equal Birth, Riches and Parentage; indued by Heaven with such a transcendent stock of Beauty, that who-ever saw her, instantly became her Admirer, and then her Admirer; and to sequester her from the hurry and noise attending a populous City, she sequester'd her self from Pomp and Grandeur to turn Shepherdess, as affecting Solitude, and kept her own Sheep, and, to be brief, seeing the Funeral was to be that Day; they agreed to leave one behind them to take care of their Flocks, and be present at the Obsequies of the unfortunate Laver. *Don Quixote* thinking he might meet with some Adventure attending so strange an Accident, desired to accompany them, though it proved unlucky for him and his Squire, as in the sequel will appear,

When they came to the place, they found many Shepherds assembled clad in Sheep-skin-mourning, crowned with Garlands of Cypress, Yew, and bitter Apium, sighing and bewailing the dead Shepherd in mournful Ditties, as,

*Ah, kind Swain! how cruel is the Maid  
Whose Beauty's thee to a cold Grave betray'd?  
Thy Worth and Comeliness deserv'd a Date,  
Much longer from the hasty hand of Fate:*

*Ah, better thou deserv'st! but sad we see,  
In this, that Love's a cruel Deity:  
To thy first Love thou all thy Joys did trust,  
But Griefs succeeding lay thee in the Dust, &c.*

By this time the Bier of the Dead appeared, accompanied by *Ambrosio*, his dear Friend, and many Shepherds who came singing a mournful Song all the way they came; and being come to the place, whilst the Grave was digging, he was expos'd to their View manly and beautiful, even in Death, which our valiant Knight, whose Eyes had many Years been dry, could not now refrain from Tears, which nothing but such a mournful sight could have made him extorted from, tho' the World, in a general Conflagration, had been blazing about his Ears, and sighing he said, *Ah Dulcinea del Toboso!* thou peerless Princess of my Heart, thy Eyes are gracious, and look more lovingly, with amiable Beams on thy ever-victorious Knight, who runs so many Hazards and Dangers by day and night for thy sake, in the end by his Valour to crown thee Queen of the Universe. He scarcely had ended these Words, expressed with vehemency and up-lifted Eyes, but the fair *Marcela* appeared to vindicate her self of the imputed Injury laid to her Charge, as having been the Cause so worthy a Shepherd had yielded himself up to the cold Embraces of Death, and with a stately majestick Carriage, addressing her self to *Ambrosio*, she said,

I come not here, good *Ambrosio*, to lament the Dead, whose Folly has thrown him into the Grave, but to vindicate my own Honour, and wipe off the Aspersions that are laid on it: You all say he loved me, and that Love destroyed him.

him; but was it my cause, who am incapable of returning Love again? I pitied him indeed, and gave him warning, I could not Love him nor any other beyond the Rules of Friendship, and if he regarded it not, he rushed on his own Ruine; my delight is in Solitude, and I have vowed a single Life, therefore unless I should have put a violent constraint upon my self, I could in no way comply with his Desires; I never gave him the least Encouragement, had I done it, I had been to blame: And now, lest many here enthrall'd by my Beauty, should unadvisedly run the same Hazard and Fate, I positively declare I will never yield to the Love of any, tho' the greatest Potentate on Earth, accomplished with all the Beauties and Vertues centered in him, that now remain in all Mankind, should lay his Diadem at my Feet, therefore be wisely warned and persecute me no more, but leave me to my Solitude to converse with these Trees, Hills, Dales, flowry Meads, purling Streams, and with my own Flocks, wherein my abundant Felicity only consists.

Having said this, and much more to the same purpose, without expecting or staying for a Reply, which some amorous Shepherds were preparing, in hopes to mollifie her hard Heart, and bring her to a more even Temper, she departed, entering into the Thickest of the Forrest, and soon vanished from their sight, leaving them in wonder and confusion, every one admiring her Beauty and Wit; some would have followed her, but *Don Quixote* forbid it on pain of his Displeasure, and pronounced her innocent of the Death of *Chrysostom*, saying, It fell upon him by his own seeking, seeing she had warned him to avoid the Danger, and he would not; and that free Minds ought

not to be constrained; which displeased many of the Shepherds, taking it for Arrogance in a Stranger to reflect on their dead Friend; and their Crooks had certainly been Battering Rams about his Ears, had not the occasional Solemnity forbidden it; so they proceeded to bury their Friend, and having read his mournful despairing Verses, exceeding Melting and Eloquent, according to his last Will, they were burnt on his Grave. Among other Lines were these,

*Ah! cruel Fair one, Blaster of my Eyes,  
For whom poor Strephon now deserved dies;  
When in the Chambers of the Dead I'm laid,  
That you my Murtheress are, it will be said;  
But I forgive you in the Pangs of Death,  
Call Blessings on you with my dying Breath,  
And strictly charge all Shepherds not to name  
A word to blast or taint your spotless Fame;  
But see as I saw, yet less Rash to be,  
Not strive to gain such bright Divinity,  
That never was for mortal Man design'd,  
But made with some blest Angel to be join'd,  
And prest on the soft Clouds his high Abodes,  
Bring forth great Heroes or fam'd Demy Gods:  
All that I ask for this, when you draw near*

*To make Flowers spring, drop on my Grave a Tear.*  
After this, having laid a Grave-stone on his dead Corpse, on which was this Epitaph, they separated, leaving *Don Quixote* and his Squire in a disgust, without taking any leave.

*Chrysostom's Epitaph engraven on his Tomb-stone.*

*Here, of a Loving Swain,  
The Frozen Carcass lies;  
He was a Herd likewise,*

And died through disdain.  
 Stern rigour bath him slain,  
 Of a coy fair Ingrate,  
 By whom Love doth dilate  
 Her Tyranny amain.

## C H A P. IV.

Of a Terrible Combat, the Knight and 'Squire had with certain Yanguesian Carriers, in a Meadow upon their attempting to rescue Rozinante. Their strange Adventure in an Inn, with the story of the enchanted Moor: Sancho being tossed in a Blanket &c. How Don Quixote encountered a flock of Sheep, taking them for a Pagan Army, and was roughly dealt with by the Shepherds.

Don Quixote, as is said, being left with his fair 'Squire, after many things cast in his Mind, resolved, fearing some Misfortune might befall the fair Marcela in that unfrequented Forest, to go in search of her, and offer his Service in her protection; but searching long, and no Lady to be found, the travers'd Ways brought him to a fair Meadow, at the further out-skirts of that vast Forest; where much scratched with Briars and Brambles, and weary of their search, he resolved to rest on the verdant Grass by a purling stream, whose Banks were enameled with variety of pretty Flowers, ordering Sancho to take off Rozinante's Saddle and Bridle, that he might the better Feed the while at large, which Mandate he obeyed, and turned up his Ass in the like





like manner, then down they sat to Feed on such Provisions as *Sancho* had in his Waller: But whilst they were taking their Refection, *Rozinante*, scenting some Mares that belonged to *Tanguessian* Carriers, Feeding likewise in the Meadow with their Packs on, he all of a sudden grew so frolicksome, that he run after them full speed, and fell so boisterously to leaping, first one, then another, that they disdaining his lubberly Exercise, fell so to kicking, and winching, that they threw down many of their Packs, and they bursting the Goods, they contained, lay scattered about the Meadows, some here, some there; the Carriers who reposed on the Grass, to the Number of twenty lusty Fellows, seeing this spoil, run with their Cudgels or Packstaves to be revenged on *Rozinante*, for the Injury done, and so belaboured him, that they laid him sprawling, cooling his Courage in a trice. *Don Quixote*, seeing this insolence done to his Steed, looked upon it as a disgrace to himself, if he did not give them bloody Chastisement who had done it, and calling to *Sancho* to Aid him, which he might lawfully do against such Rubbish of Men being no Knights, and not transgress the Law of Arms, they both hastened to the encounter: *Don Quixote*, after giving them many approbrious Words, charged upon the foremost with his Sword, like a Tempest and beat him to the Ground, sore wounded, which the rest seeing to prevent further Mischief to themselves, encompassed him and *Sancho* with their long Staves, and they reaching beyond their Swords with mighty rustick Blows fell'd the Oakes, and being down, notwithstanding *Sancho* pitiously cryed out for Mercy, they so belaboured them with their Cudgels, thinking they



they were never able to rise alive from the Place, and fearing to be questioned for the Murther, they made up their broken Packs, laid them on their Beasts, and pursued their Journey as fast as they could that they might be out of pursuit.

*Don Quixote*, after some groans, coming a little to himself, lifting up his Head proceeded to ban his disastrous Stars, and Curse dame Fortune, calling her by a Thousand ugly Names, for causing or suffering such a vile Disgrace to fall upon one of the most accomplished Knights in the World; whilst on the other hand, *Sancho* bellowed out that all his Bones was broke, and not one whole one left in his Skin, blaming his Master for heightning his Courage to make him undertake such mischievous Enterprizes. *Rozinante* likewise tumbled and flounced, struggling but not able to rise, our Knight well perceiving in what a pitious case they all were in, was constrained to moderate his own Grief, that he might comfort his 'Squire, bidding him be patient since he perceived this mishap besel them by Inchantment, and could not have been avoided, had all the caution in the World been taken, for those you took for Carriers, was no other than Incharnted Giants, with huge Iron Maces weighing five Hundred Weight apiece at least, and those we took for Packs, were no other than fair captive 'Ladies, so transformed by the sage *Freston*, to whose enchanted Castle they were carrying. *Sancho*, notwithstanding the Hurts he had received, could not forbear Laughing, though it pained his sides exceedingly, to find what whimsies his Master had still in his Brain, to put off his Disgraces, saying, Sir Knight, you may talk what you please, whether they were Giants or Devils,

this

this I am sure of, they have bastinado'd us in a most lamentable manner, though I believe they were no other than plain Carriers. Sturdy confounded dogs that go a Thrashing between whiles, to keep their Hands to thrash Knight-Errants, the more easily when they affront them, *Don Quixote*, though he was angry at this Pun, put upon Knight-Errantry, dissembled it and said, Friend *Sancho*, you must know that the Life of a Knight-Errant is subjected to a thousand Dangers and Misfortunes, and it is also so well in the next degree and Power to make them Kings and Emperours, as experience hath proved in sundry Knights, of which Historians have entire notice: For the valourous *Anid's* of *Gaul*, saw himself in the Power of his mortal Enemy *Arcalaus* the Inchanter, of whom the Opinion runs infallibly, that in Prison he gave him more than two hundred Stripes on the bare Buttocks with the Reins of his Horse-bridle, and the Valiant Knight *Del Phobo*, being catched like a Rat by the Feet, in a snatch was thrown into a Dungeon, and had several Glitters of Snow-water and Sand given him; which a secret Author says, almost brought him to his End, yet for all this they got Loose, were revenged of their Enemies, and raised to high Perferment. As many more that I could name, were; but prethee *Sancho*, if thou canst rise come and help me up, that I may be conveyed to some Castle near at Hand, for I am very sore Bruis'd.

*Sancho*, who ducked down at the first Blow, and on all fours, scrambled out of the way, as fast as he could during the first scuffle, cryed out more than he was hurt, taking pity on his Master, with some heaviness got upon his Legs and sta-

gered

gered to him, where it was agreed between them, that the Knight should be layed across on *Sancho's* Ass as not able to ride upright, and conveyed to the next Inn, whither *Rozinante*, who was likewise raised, should also be led as not capable of being rid at present by reason of his hurts.

After our famous Hero had been carried across like a calf, striking into a Road within half a League, they found an Inn, and entered, the People wondering at the unusual sight, demanded how the Gentleman came hurt, *Don Quixote* said nothing, but *Sancho*, who had a lie ready at longness and upon occasion, told them that riding over yonder steep Mountain (pointing to one) all on a sudden out of the side of a hollow overhanging Rock, peeped a hideous Monster, formed in the shape as the Picture they Devil, at which his Horse affrighted, starting, leaped over another Rock on the right Hand, and fell two hundred Fathom with him into a deep Valley: The People wondered at this, though hardly believing it, they, however, let it pass current in hopes of making gain by his Misfortune; and the good Woman of the House charitably inclined to Strangers in Distress, with *Mary Tormes* her Maid, a Lewd, but hard-favoured Wench, took *Don Quixote* into a Closet, stript him naked, and plaistered him all over with brown Paper dipped in yeast; the wench Laughing and Snikering all the while at the wagging of his Bauble: Hereupon, he confessed he found infinite Ease, and gave them a thousand Thanks for their Care, earnestly imploring to have a receipt of this precious Balsom, that he might make it on Occasion, for he told them who he was, and what dan-

gerous

gerous business he had undertaken, but they craftily put him off to another time, that first he might more thoroughly experience the Virtue of it in his Cure.

Night come, after a light Supper of stew'd Sheeps-trotters, they prepared Bed-ward, and were laid in a Cobweb Room, where were three Beds, one for the Knight, another for his Esquire, and a third for a sturdy Carrier who used the Inn; but such a wretched one, that they had as good lain in the hollow of a Rock, with a little moss under them: However, necessity has no Law, for to Bed they must go, or no where.

About one of the Clock in the Morning, *Don Quixote*, who could not sleep for the Anguish of his Bruises, by a little Glimmering of the Moon, perceived the Door to open, and one coming softly towards him all in white, at what time it came into his Head, that it must needs be the Lady of the Castles Daughter, who was fallen in Love with him; when indeed it was *Mary Tormes*, who thinking them asleep, was stealing to the Carriers Bed to whom she had promised a good turn for half a Dollar: As she was passing by, *Don Quixote*, stretching out his Hand, caught her fast by the wrist, drew her to his Bed-side, and fell to pouring out many Love Expressions, whilst she struggled to get loose, but durst not cry out for fear of a Discovery; the Carrier who lay awake, to expect her at the appointed Hour, hearing by the bustle his Mistress was entangled with an other against her Will, leaped out of his Bed and run to her rescue, and without saying a Word, smote our Knight such a dounce on the Chops with his brawney Fist, that he made the Blood flow apace, but not leaving his hold, the

Car-

Carrier to compel him to it, got upon him and trampled almost his Guts out, with whose weight the boards that sustained the Bed gave way, and so it came to the ground: The Inn-keeper who lay in the next apartment leaped out of his Bed, and came running to see what the matter was. The wench was got loose, and fearing to be discovered, whipt into *Sancho's* Bed, and covering her self over Head and Ears, lay as close and round as a Foot-ball, yet her first bustle waked him, who before was snoring like a Hog-driver, and finding something bulkey at his back, supposed it to be the Night Mare come to Hagaride him, whereupon he laid about him violently with his Fists, the wench feeling the blows, abandoned all shame, got upon her knees and payed him so rightly, that he cryed out Murther: This alarmed one of the holy Brother-hood who lodged in the House, one of those who make Vows to keep the Road clear of Rogues and Thieves and Robbers, who getting up, came running with his staff of Office, and the Inn-keeper being first in his way he fell upon him, commanding him in the King's name to deliver himself up to the Officer of Justice. The Inn-keeper cryed out and in came two Ostlers who so pumel'd the poor Knight of the Brother-hood, that he was forced to fly the Room, that he might sleep in a whole Skin, leaving his staff of Office broken behind him; in the mean while the wench escaped and got to her Bed, feigning a snorting and snoring as if she had slept all Night, and knew nothing of the matter; the Inn-keeper got out at a side Door and returned with a light, as if he had not been in the Room before, demanding what the cause of the uproar was, that disturbed his House

and Guest at such a time of Night. In answer to which, though lying in a sad Pickle, *Don Quixote* begun a formal Story, viz. That a fair Princess, who was a great Inchantress, usually paid him nightly Visits for the Respect she bore to his Worth and Renown, and, at the very Instant she was endeavouring to Cure his Hurts, an enchanted Moor, who was furiously in love with her and chained by her Magick, had broke his Chains that Night to follow her, when, growing jealous of the Favours shewed him in a boisterous manner, had done the visible Mischief and the Noise that had disturbed the House; but *Sancho*, telling his Story of a Wench in her Smock, that leaped into his Bed, for he had felt her *Tu quoque*, as he said. The Inn-keeper smelt a Rat presently, knowing the Wenches Lightness, who brought him in Gain by it, for he went Half-snips in her Gettings, seemed for the Credit of his House, and, that Matters might be hushed, to credit and admire the Story our Knight-errant told him, and it passed current. The next Morning, the Carrier, who was very sensible of it, knowing it was not for his Credit or Safety to blab, excused his knowledge of the Matter, saying, He was fast asleep till his Host came in with the Light and waked him. The Knight of the Holy Brother-hood, who had been soundly buffeted, was somewhat angry and hardly brought to believe what was reported.

Early the next Morning *Don Quixote* and his Squire, not liking their Entertainment, cased themselves, and mounted, but being about to quit the Inn, the Host laid hold on the Knight's Bridle, demanding Money for what they had, and particularly for their Lodging: *Don Quixote* told him,

him, He was the uncivilest Governour of a Castle that he ever met with in his life, for till now he had never been asked for Money, though he had lodged, and been nobly treated in many, for that the Hazards he underwent for his Country and the Service he was like to do in ridding the World of Giants and Monsters, ought to be current Payment. The Inn-keeper told him his was an Inn and no Castle; and for his Hazards and Service, he valued them not a Rush. This Answer stirred up our Heroe's Choller to such a height, that drawing forth his dreadful blazing Sword, said, Villain, unhand my Bridle, for be it Castle or Inn, 'tis all alike to me, thou diest; and all about thee shall fall a Sacrifice to my revenging Indignation, if thou stayest me a Minute longer; and thereupon going to cleave his Head with an uplified Sword, he started aside, and our Heroe issued furiously out at the Gate, in spite of all Opposition, in that heat unmindful of his 'Squire, whom they shut in with his Ass, demanding Money of him; but he vowed he had not one single Doit. Then other Satisfaction, said the Inn-keeper, I will have of thee; and immediately ordered his Maid to fetch a large Blanket, and calling a large Company about him, pulled poor *Sancho* from his Ass, and threw him into it, held up hollow by many strong Hands, where they tossed him like a Dog on a *Shrove-Tuesday*, canting him aloft, stradling and sprawling like a Toad on a Washing-block, often letting the Blanket sink so low, that descending, he bunted his Arse against the Pavement, crying out terribly, sometimes for Mercy, and at other times to his Master for help and revenge, who stood terribly threatning without the Barrier, not able

to force it, when in this Pastime, which made their Sides crack with Laughter; they set the poor 'Squire upon his Ass, and in that pitious slight turned him out: and such haste was he in to be out of their devilish Clutches, that he never minded his Wallet, but left it behind with all his Provisions and other Stores, grievously complaining of his Master for dissembling and abandoning him to such Pain and Shame. He, to excuse it, said, He thought verily he followed at his Heels; but missing him, came back to take revenge, when he saw him so abusively treated, but found *Rozinante* enchanted, so that he could not force him to leap over the Barrier; which, if he could have done, he vow'd, by the starry Eyes of bright *Dulcinea*, not to have left one of the Caitifs alive. This somewhat satisfied the 'Squire, and on they rode in expectation of new Adventures, *Sancho* comforting himself with the hopes of better Success and future Greatness, often putting his Master in mind to conquer the Island he had promised him, and put it into his possession, for after this Experience he was well worthy and able to govern; *Don Quixote* bid him be patient, and put him in greater hopes it was not far off from him.

Entering by this time into a spacious Plain of vast extent, they perceived the Dust rise in Clouds at a great distance in two places, a space from each other; at which *Don Quixote* rejoiced, saying, Now, *Sancho*, prick up thy Ears and summon thy best Courage to thy Aid, for this is the Day my lucky Stars presaged the Island I promised thee is to be gained: Seest thou yonder two mighty Armies in Battel-array, preparing in dreadful manner to conflict each other? I see

no Armies; reply'd *Sancho*, but only a great Dust but by whom or what raised, I can no more tell than I know what the Moon is made of. They start as dull-sighted, *Sancho*, as thy Ass, said *Don Quixote*; Mount this Hillock with me, and, as they draw near, I will name thee by their Armour, and the Devices painted on their Shields, and the Kings and great Captains Names in either Host. I was well, thou mayest imagine, informed of this great intended Battel before, which drew me this way, thirsting, by my Valour, in taking the weaker part, to win Glory and immortal Fame, and then the promised Island. Knowing continued he, That Army that first advances is commanded by the great Emperor *Alifamfaron*, Lord of the great Island of *Traphaban*, and has many other great Islands in his Territories. He marches at the Head of the Army on his left Hand is his Enemy, the mighty King of *Garamantes Pantapoli*, the Knight of the naked Arm, so called because he always enters the Battel with his right Arm uncovered to be the more signalized. Now the Quarrel about which they fell out is this: *Alifamfaron* is a furious bloody Pagan, and is desperately enamoured of *Pantapoli's* Daughter, who is a Christian and will not give him her in Marriage, unless he renounces his Paganism; which he refuses to do, and has brought with him many mighty Nations to take her by force. And then he proceeded to name the great Captains in either Host, and of what different Nations the Armies were composed; in the mean while, they drew so near that *Sancho* plainly discovered them to be no other than two Flocks of Sheep the Shepherds were driving over the Downs to a Fair. But all his Arguments no-

ing availed to perswade *Don Quixote* out of his Opinion they were Armies; I see, says he hastily, it is thy Fear, *Sancho*, that makes thee thus misinform thy self and me against Sense and Reason: But I am content, base Coward, thou shouldst stay here inglorious, whilst my dread Hand turns the Scale of Victory; thou dost not neither hear their Trumpets sound to Battel, nor their Horses neigh; for now they are just entering on the bloody Shock. I hear, quoth *Sancho*, a Shepherd's Pipe play merrily, and sheep bleating; but not the least blast of a Trumpet's sound or Horse's neighing. O stupendious Stupidity! replied *Don Quixote*. Well, stay thou here and be a Spectator of my Prowess. With that he set his Lance fast in his Rest, spurred on *Rosinante* with much Fury; crying, On, Knights and noble Hearts, all you that serve under the mighty Emperour *Pantapoli*, Knight of the naked Arm: Heaven has made me his Friend, to fall on his Enemies as a Thunder-bolt, and make way for you to assured Victory. Thus saying, he rushed amongst the foremost Drive, and, with the trampling of his Horse and gearing of his Lance, killed several of them; crying, Follow me, victorious Warriors, the Day is assuredly our own. They fly! they fly! Charge! charge, I say! Break in upon the right Wing and none of them can escape us.

The Shepherds, wondering what this Madness might mean, kept a distance, yet, being skilful slingers, they sent Showers of Stones at him; which for a while he regarded not, till one striking him full on the Check beat out four of his Teeth; another broke his Knuckles and made him drop his Lance, and one swinging one coming hum-

humming through the Air, beat two of his Ribbes, as I hitherto have done. What will you do, from his Body and tumbled him from his Horse, said *Sancho*, to avoid it? I will, said *Don Quixote*, compound the Sovereign Balsam *Lopez*, which infallibly Cures all Wounds and Bruises in an instant; though I be clove in halves by some mighty Giant, if thou set'st the two Parts even together, and pourest this Balsam on me, I shall be sound and able to fight again in two Minutes. That would do well, said *Sancho*: But why had not we had it all this while? It had saved us a World of Pain. Besides, if I can have the Receipt of such a Balsam, it will make me such a Doctor as may bring me in more Advantage than the Government of the Island I expect. Well, *Sancho*, it was only Forgetfulness, or rather Hurry of Affairs, that made me forget it: But it shall be made, and, at the close of our Adventures, thou shalt have the Receipt of it, as an overplus Reward for thy faithful Service; and, by thy Practice, break all the Doctors and Surgeons in *Spain* at a clap. But now, I pray thee, help me to mount, that we may leave this hateful Place; and then take my Teeth, that are beaten out, and bury them, that, as from the Cadmean Serpents, Warriours may spring out of the Dust to revenge me on my Enemies. *Sancho* obeyed him punctually, and away they rode leisurely together in search of new Adventures, which long failed them not.

humming through the Air, beat two of his Ribbes, as I hitherto have done. What will you do, from his Body and tumbled him from his Horse. The Shepherds, seeing him all bloody and stretched upon the Ground, supposed verily that he had killed him and might be questioned for it; but never staid to take the Spoil of the Field, but drove away their Flocks in great haste, carrying their dead Muttons with them on their Backs. *Sancho*, perceiving his Master in a deplorable pickle, as soon as they were gone, run to him saying, O Master, how unhappy were you to fight under the Banner of such a cowardly Prince as *Pantapolin*, who is fled the Field and left you in this distress, not having the least regard to your Person, much less to recompence your noble Service. Do not afflict me, said *Don Quixote*, for I am sorely wounded by Stones as big as Church-Steeple cast at me from mighty battering War-Engins the Enemy had planted on a Hill-top. Alas, Sir! said *Sancho*, they were Stones cast at you by Shepherds with Slings; see one of them lyeth at your Feet about the bigness of a Puller's Egg. And now I hope you are convinced they were only Sheep you fought with and no Armies. Away, Coward, replied *Sancho*, they were Armies at first, but my mortal Enemy the Inchanter, envying my Glory, when I had almost wrested the Victory, changed them into Sheep; step fair and softly after them and you shall be convinced they will turn into Armies again. Not I, by the Mass, quoth *Sancho*; I have no mind to have my Teeth, nay, Brains beat out with such Sugar-plums as these, shewing him the Stones. Well, honest *Sancho*, said our Knight, will in a little time provide against these Misfortunes and not undergo any Pain in or after Battle.

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## C H A P. V.

*How Don Quixote valiantly put to the rout a company of Priests and Mourners, who were carrying a dead Body in a Hearse to its Burial, mistaking them for a company of Enchanters with Torment-light. The strange Adventure of the Fulling-mill, and how Don Quixote Overthrew a Barber, taking his brass Basin for Mambrino's golden Helmet. His rescuing divers Gaily Slaves, with other strange things, very pleasant to the Reader.*

AS the Knight and Squire journeyed discerning of divers Matters, the Sun was sinking into the Sea, and no Town, Village or straggling Inn appeared, which somewhat perplexed their Minds to be so belated in a place where they were unacquainted in the Roads, and by traveling the dark, might fall into Pits, or such like dangerous places; but what was more terrible to Sancho, going to stuff his Maw, and feeling behind him for his Wallet, he perceived he had left it in the Inn where he was tossed in the Blanket, scarcely durst he ment on his loss, least his Master in a rage should send him back to fetch it, which he dreaded next to starving; and when he was about to speak of it, and make an Excuse, it being now almost Night, an Adventure appeared, which hindered him and supplied the with new store to his great Contentment.

At a distance they perceived a number of Lights which cast their Beams like Stars through the dark, approaching still nearer, when Don Quixote first ken'd them, he concluded they were Ghosts, because the foremost appeared all





white, with Torches in their hands ; but upon a nearer view, perceiving a Bier and a dead Body laid on it, also several in black coming after it, he concluded with himself that they had privately murdered some valiant Knight in his Bed, and were now carrying him to a private Burial in the Fields or Mountains to prevent discovery : Whereupon, resolv<sup>ing</sup> to know the truth of the matter, he put himself in the midst of the Way to stop them, without speaking a word ; they not minding him, but pressing forward, he run against the foremost and overthrew him, and his Mule a top of him, whereby his Leg was broken, so that he cried out for help lamentably, which so affrighted the other (they being Church-men, and a few Friends of the Deceased, who were travelling with the Corpse of a Gentleman from *Bacca*, to bury it at *Segovia*, and timerous there were more in his Company, seeing *Sancho* lurk behind) they fled confusedly scattering with their Lights about the Fields ; in the mean while *Don Quixote* examined his Prisoner, who giving him a full account of the Matter, and protesting the Veracity of his words, confirming all by kissing the Cross he held in his hand : Our valiant Knight triumphing in his Victory, called *Sancho* to help him from under his Mule, who had all this while been employed in rising a Sumpter-mule, where he found a large Waller stuffed with all sorts of good Provisions, which they had brought to serve them on the way, for these Clergymen always love to feed well ; with this he very joyfully laded his Ass, and then assisted his Master to relieve the fallen Stranger, and set him upon his Mule : *Sancho* was however for rifling his Pockets, as the lawful Plunder of the Field, but *Don Quixote*

ote forbid it, saying, Though he had made him  
 Prisoner of War, he had now set him at liberty  
 and pardoned him; and so left him to call his  
 Company together, and carry their Dead to *Sa-  
 govia*, the place of their Deceased's Birth, and  
 where he was to be interred with his Ancestors.  
*Sancho* now grew jocund, having good store of  
 Provant, and not, in a long riding, meeting with  
 an Inn, they rid into a Meadow for shelter un-  
 der some Trees, and waited the Morning dawn  
 for they were so intangled in the Road, they  
 knew not which way to take, yet *Don Quixote*  
 would by no means alight for fear of a Surprise  
 by some Giants or Knights in the dark, and be-  
 that means bound and carried Prisoner to a Ca-  
 stle, commanding *Sancho* to keep on Afs-back  
 and there they eat their Supper, *Sancho* not dis-  
 covering the loss of his Waller, having recovered  
 one very like it, but being exceeding thirsty  
 they moved forward, in expectation of finding  
 Water; and riding about half a League in the  
 Meadow, for it was exceeding large, when they  
 heard a mighty Cataract, or-fall of Water, roar-  
 ing terribly as descending from a steep Rock. *San-  
 cho* went towards it, and finding the Stream, fill-  
 ed his Cap full, drank that off, and brought it  
 full to his Master, who took it very kindly, pre-  
 senting it above all the Wine in *Spain*, saying, This  
 could be no other than the River *Helicon*, descend-  
 ing from the famed Mountain *Parnassus* so much  
 esteem'd by the Poets; but the Wind blowing  
 hard in the open Field, they moved again, and  
 got shelter under a Grove of Chesnut-trees, there  
 rustled horribly about their Ears; but what more  
 startled them, the Cock had no sooner crowed  
 ere their Ears were saluted with a noise of mighty

strokes beating in order continually. *Sancho* qua-  
 dered all on a suddain, thinking some danger ap-  
 proached; but *Don Quixote* perceiving it by the  
 clattering of his Teeth, bid him be of good Cou-  
 rage, for it proceeded from no other Cause than  
 many Giants fighting with valiant Knights, who  
 held them hard to it, for they gave equal and de-  
 liberate Strokes: O! that I was but there at this  
 very moment, to assist those valiant Knights,  
 my ever-victorious Arm should make the Pagan  
 Giants fall headless to the ground in a trice, and  
 their Lives become Trophies of my never-failing  
 fortune. Are you sure Master, quoth *Sancho*, it  
 is a Fight, it must be a blind Scuffle however in  
 the dark; yet methinks the noise sounds in my  
 ears like the beating of Hammers, I rather believe  
 to be Smith's beating rusty Iron into Armour,  
 for the supply of some new Knight-errant. Thou  
 art a Fool, *Sancho*, I hear at every stroke the clash-  
 ing of Swords, and the mighty strokes the Giants  
 give, and lay on the Knights Armour,  
 and, upon little Intermissions, the Cries of distress-  
 ed Ladies whom the Giants were carrying away,  
 and the Knights attempting to rescue them. Now,  
 how they are at it ding-dong, the Noise loudens  
 and the Cries advance towards us; my Honour  
 will eternally suffer if I haite not to the Assistance  
 of these Knights and Ladies, who, for ought I  
 know, may lose their Lives and Honours, for  
 want of it; stay here, and if I return not in three  
 days, conclude I am slain. *Sancho* persuaded  
 him not to venture, because in the dark he might  
 be surprized by his Enemies, and beaten down  
 unawares; besides, the Floods roaring horribly, on  
 that side from whence the Noise came, he could  
 no ways come at him without Swimming in dan-

ger of being drown'd ; and if he went about, might be he might enter impassible Forrests full of ravenous Beasts, that losing his way, setting on him in great numbers, might not only devour him, but poor *Roxinante* likewise ; for, as for myself, I find you intend not to take me with you ; therefore let me implore you to stay till morning, and that will be time enough to search. By that time, said *Don Quixote*, all may be over, the Knights slain, and the Giants in an insolent Triumph carrying off the Ladies ; nay, perhaps Princesses or great Queens, who they have stole from their Fathers Courts, or their own Kingdoms, and what Favours may I miss if now I rest supine, therefore I command thee alight and gird *Roxinante* close, that I may set forward immediately ; but stay you here out of Danger, and expect my return. I dare not budg from your Straw's breadth, replied *Sancho*, I shall die with Fear to be alone in the Night. Well then, replied *Don Quixote*, thou may'st go and see the mighty Wonders I shall bring to pass.

*Sancho* this while was girding *Roxinante* when tears in his Eyes, when a sudden hit came in his Pate, that prevailed above all entreaty, and slipped off his Ass's Halter, and unperceived fastning *Roxinante's* hinder Legs together, so that when *Don Quixote* would have set forward, his Horse could not move a step ; this Accident he attributed to some Enchanter on the Giants part, who by his Art knew his Intention to succour the Knights ; so that finding no way to go forward, he was constrained to stand still till the Morning dawn, and then *Sancho*, alighting to ease himself, disenchanted *Roxinante*, and the Sun rising, the Noise still continuing, they rid till coming at

ford ; they passed it, and approached the sound that had put them into so many dismal Apprehensions, and upon strict Scrutiny, found it proceeded from no other than Fulling-mills, turned by the Water, beating Cloth with weighty Beaters, which *Don Quixote* had taken for blows given by the Giants Maces, and the Wheels that squeaked and made a noise, as not greased, for the piteous Cries of the distressed Queens and Princesses ; but finding this mistake, and that *Sancho* laughed at the Consequence, he grew Cholerick, telling him, He was so saucy because he had made him more familiar than ever any Knight-errant had done his Squire. Though *Gundalin*, *Amadis de Gaul's* Squire, was Earl of the firm Island, yet it is recorded of him, he always spoke to his Lord with his Cap in his hand, and his head bowed ; and *Gasbel*, *Don Galvan's* Squire, was so silent, that as to declare to us the Excellency thereof, his Name is but once recorded in that voluminous History.

*Sancho* seeing him in a Passion, humbly submitted, and begged pardon for his Offence, promising more Observance and Respect for the future, and thereupon had his past Failings remitted : And so made Friends, they travelled in search of other Adventures, since the last had put them into many doubtful Thoughts to no effect ; and striking over a large Corn-field, it now beginning to rain, *Don Quixote* saw a Man at a distance riding on an Ass, which he took for a stately Steed, with something shining on his Head like Gold, which he could fancy to be no other than the famous *Mambrino's* Helmet, valued at the Price of a Kingdom ; and communicating his Thoughts to *Sancho*, who looking earnestly on the Man, as he approached nearer, told him, in good sooth, It

was only a Barber riding on an Ass, who covered his Head with his brass Bason to secure him from the Rain. You shall see you're mistaken that, replied *Don Quixote*, presently, when springing to meet him with great fury he cried, Ho Sir *Montarbaton*, Pagan Knight, deliver the Helmet you have treacherously taken from the renowned *Mambrino*, whilst he slept, or this Arm shall compel thee to it with loss of thy Life. The poor Barber, for he was no other, who had been at a neighbouring Village about his Affairs, seeing a Man mounted in Armour, and minding his last Threats, not understanding the former Garb, quitted his Ass because there were Trees near he could not leap, and, in the fright dropping his Bason, fled as fast as his Legs could carry him to the Mountains. *Don Quixote* ordered *Sancho* to take up the Bason, and put it in his Hand; when looking wistfully on it, Ah *Sancho*, said he, what a curious Jewel had this Helmet been, had it been kept entire! But lest it should be known again, and struggled for, the Pagans have taken away all the lower part to make it seem no other than a Bason. Why, said *Sancho*, do you take it for any thing but a Barber's Bason? Yes, thou Villain, I do, but thou wilt be always contradicting me in whatever I say; know it to be part of *Mambrino's* Helmet, and thou wilt have the Helmet of that invincible Knight errant fit in all parts for me, with the first opportunity; in the mean while, put it in thy Wall, and follow me without replying one word more. Nay, I beseech you Sir, said *Sancho*, one word more, and that is, The Pagan Knight's Ass has a better Pannel than mine, pray tell me if by the Laws of Knighthood, the Squire is not entitled

to the Plunder of the Field, at least with a safe Conscience to make an exchange: *Don Quixote* paused upon it a long time, and at last, allowed it lawful. The exchange being made, away they rode, and the Barber from his Lurking-hole, came and took his Ass, alarming the Village where he lived, with the strangeness of the Adventure.

*Sancho*, by this time earnestly thirsting to be possessed of his Island, or some other Government on the firm Land, besought his Master, that they might Address themselves to some mighty Emperours Court, where their Service in his Wars, would be the likeliest to obtain it; for I plainly perceive, continued he, as your self well hinted, that in these Roads and Inn-Adventures, there is little else to be got than broken Pates, Cudgels and tossing in Blankets. True, said *Don Quixote*, but before we can be qualified for such Service, I must be memorably known by great and famed Achievements, that my Reception may be noble without suing, for it is mean and base in a Knight-errant to do that to the greatest Potentate on Earth; I will therefore, to clear thy blinded Understanding, read thee a Lecture on this Subject: I would willingly hear it, said *Sancho*; and thereupon *Don Quixote* thus proceeded.

Know *Sancho*, that it is requisite upon the Knights entering into any City on such occasion, that the People, nay, even the very Boys, should know him by his Armour, and the Device of his Shield, which the Fame of his renowned Actions has before-hand described to them, and with joyful Shouts and Acclamations Proclaim him; then will the King or Emperour hear of it, and, with the Queen and Princess, the fairest in the

World, look out of the Window of the Palace, and seeing him advance, send many of the prime Nobles to meet him, and courteously Invite him in, where he shall find the King on the middle of the Stairs ready to receive and Embrace him; who will afterward convey him to the Presence-Chamber, and present him to the Queen and Princes, as the most accomplished Knight in the World, telling him of the wonders he had Wrought by his Valour. Then will the Princess fall immediately in Love with him, for the comeliness of his Person, never taking her Eyes off him at Dinner, and forget to Eat by looking steadfastly upon him; he shall soon perceive her Love by her Blushes, and often changing colour. Then shall an Ill-favoured Dwarf come into the Room by Inchantment, followed by two monstrous Giants, leading a beautiful Lady between them, and she in a Mournful manner shall address her self to the Knight, the only one in the World, that can dissolve her Inchantment, and set her at Liberty, from the thrall of the mighty Tyrant, *Bombibando*, of the black Castle; so, all on a sudden, vanish upon his promising in due time to do her Service. Then the King shall have Wars, and he desire to lead his Armies, which shall be granted him: The Princess at his departure shall be Sick, and keep her Chamber, least she discovered her Love: But Letters shall secretly pass between them, and returning Victorious, he shall demand her of the King, who will deny it, because he knows not if he be of Blood-royal, then shall he contrive to steal her away, which in a short time he shall Effect, by the help of a Magician, or his own Valour. Then the King dying of Grief, or in

Bar,

Battle, he shall possess his Kingdom, Marry his Squire to some great Dukes Daughter, and give her an Island, or Equivalent on the Continent, and to continue with his adored Princess, in a happy and prosperous Reign all his Days.

This discourse made *Sancho* stare, and mightily to be pleased with the latter-end of it, till he concluded he had already a Wife, and then he was struck into a dump, yet upon second Thoughts he cheared up, thinking by that time a Dukes Daughter came to his share, his Wife might be dead, and he at liberty to Marry whom he pleased, but, while this Discourse, and these Thoughts spun out the way, they perceived coming cross the Road about a dozen lusty young Fellows chained in a rank, the chain fastned to Iron Collars about their Necks, and Guarded by four Men Armed, this sad Spectacle made *Don Quixote*, whose Business it was to defend the distressed, spur *Roxinante*, to come up with them, which he no sooner did, but he proceeded to examine, whither these Men were driving them in such a pitious pickle? They told him to the Gallies for inconsiderable Crimes, which they named, one by one, the Guard permitting 'em to stop, in hopes our Knight-errant, would have distributed Money amongst them; but on the contrary, being informed they went by constraint, and against their Minds, resolutely commanded they should be set at Liberty, but they opposed it, urging the Kings Order to carry them on Board, saying, they had extenuated their Crimes, being all very notorious Villains: That signifies nothing to me, I am the Vindicator of the oppressed, and will have it done; this made the Commissary, who had the chief Charge, Laugh; but it

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was

was soon changed 'to another tune for *Don Quixote*, in a furious Mood, running at him with his Launce, threw him to the Ground, sore hurt; then prepared to charge the rest who were coming violently upon him, and it had gone very hard, had not the Thieves, seeing something like deliverance near, broke their Chain, and came in to his help; so, pelting the Guards with their Irons, that, all amazed, they fled, and left them at liberty: *Sancho*, in the mean while was busied in plundering the Commissary, who lay wounded. *Don Quixote*, glorying in this Victory, called the Thieves about him, and in a long Oration, telling them what great things he had done for them, commanding them in recompence forthwith, to repair to *Toboso*, and presenting themselves on their Knees, with the pieces of broken Chains in their Hands, saying, High and mighty Princess, behold thy vassals prostrate at thy Feet, acknowledging our selves to have been redeemed from a miserable Slavery, by the alone Prowess, by the matchless Arm of the puissant and Ever-victorious Knight, *Don Quixote of Mancha*. For this they begged his excuse, saying, the Holy Brotherhood, having notice of what had happened by those that fled, would soon be upon them if they travel'd the Roads; and therefore, their present Business, was to sculk into the Woods and Mountains, till the pursuit was over, and advised him to do the like; for having directly broke the King's Order, it would go hard with him, if he fell into the Hands of the Brotherhood, against whose Bullets and Arrows, his Launce and Sword would be a slender Defence: This flat denial stirring up his Anger, he Swore, he would have his Commands obeyed,

or would himself drive them to the Gallies. At this they laughed, seeing him but shallow-witted; and, by the Advice of *Gives Passamont*, their Ring-leader, a notorious Thief, retiring to a Heap of Stones, they sent such Showers about our Knights Ears, that he was forced to put Spurs to *Rozinante*, and ride away full speed, and *Sancho* after him, to prevent their Brains being beaten out.

## CHAP. VI.

*How Don Quixote went into the vast Desert or rocky Mountain of Sierra Morena. The Treasure they found: As also a distracted Lover, who leaped from Rock to Rock like a Goat. The Story he related, and the Encounter or Scuffle he had with the Knight and his 'Squire. How Don Quixote, in imitation of other Knight-errants, resolved upon doing hard Penance, to move Dulcinea to compassionate him, sending Sancho to her with Letters; and what befel him by the way, with the Answer he feigned from his Lady Dulcinea, &c.*

THE Thieves having as is said put their Deliverer to the rout; dispersed themselves several ways, as well knowing, if they were taken again, it would go worse with them than it would before have done; and *Sancho* remembring what dreadful Fellows the Knights of the Brotherhood were, and what a condition they were in if taken, as having violated by this Rescue the Laws of the Kingdom, with much ado, persuaded



ded *Don Quixote* to retire with him for a while into the great Mountain, *Sierra Morena*, near at hand: But he charged him upon his Life, he should not impute his retiring to Fear, even of the whole Kingdom if it were in Arms against him, but meerly to comply with his Humour, that he should nor say he was at any time obstinate: And so, riding half a League, they enter'd in at a streight Passage, ascending that vast mountainous Rock, entering about a Mile, *Don Quixote* perceived something bulky on the Ground; moving it with his Lance, and not able to take it up, ordered *Sancho* to alight, and see what was in it, who found it a Portmantua guarded with a Bar and fastened with three Padlocks, but so rotten, it was easily torn in pieces; in it he found clean Linnen, some Love-letters and others, complaining of many Crosses and the Perfidiousness of his Mistress, complaining likewise of *Ferdinando*, who had done him irreparable Wrongs and Injuries; but that which gladded *Sancho's* Heart, and made him caper for Joy, was a hundred Ducats in a Silver-wier Purse. This Prize, having never had so much in his possession before, made him lightly pass over his tossing in a Blanket and the Bastingado's in the Meadow, thinking himself now as rich as if he had been Lord of the Promised Island; tho' *Don Quixote* made some scruple of his keeping them, saying they ought to be delivered to the right Owner, if he might be found.

They travelled after this into the Heart of the Mountain, where they found a Mule dead, almost devoured by Wolves and Ravens, and had no sooner turned their Eyes from it, but they perceived a Man leaping from Rock to Rock, like a wild

Wild Goat, and immediately he vanished from their sight. *Don Quixote* verily supposed him to be the injured Lover, who was gone distracted for the Unkindness of his Mistress, vowing to seek him out, and reason with him about it: Yet *Sancho*, who feared he was the Owner of the Money, used many Arguments to dissuade him from enterprizing such a Fatigue. They had not gone much further, thro' a narrow Passage, but they entered into a little Plain, encompassed with fearful craggy Rocks, and an old Shepherd feeding a few Sheep, his Dog following him leisurely. From him *Don Quixote* understood, that the Man he had seen was named *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of a good Family in Spain, who falling in love with a beautiful Lady, named *Lucinda*, after a firm Contract between them, had been circumvented by *Ferdinando*, a younger Son to Duke *Ricardo*, a Grandee of Spain, and his great Confident, to whom *Lucinda* was married, contrary to her Vows and Promises, tho' it was thought she was forced to it by the compulsion of her Parents, she swooning away as soon as she was married, a Letter being found in her Bosom, intimating that she was betrothed to *Cardenio*, also a Poniard with which she designed to have dispatched her self on the Wedding-night, but was prevented by the discovery, upon which the Gentleman was gone distracted, tho' sometimes, his Senses returning to him, he would discourse and sing melodiously very doleful Songs to admiration; and this knowledge he had gained by his sometimes frequenting his Tent and humbly craving Food, which he and other Shepherds gave him, and sometimes left for him on Rocks, where his usual Haunts were; at other times, in his mad Fits, he would take

take it from them by force, being of such strength that they were not able to resist him.

Upon this Relation, *Don Quixote* resolved to go in search of him, and, being directed by the old Shepherd to his usual Haunts, found him in the hollow Trunk of an old Cork-tree; he no sooner saw our Knight-errant, but he came down to him and fell prostrate at his Feet, shedding abundance of Tears: *Don Quixote* comforted him in the best manner, and ordered *Sancho* to raise him from the Ground, and give him some Victuals out of his Wallet, which he eat greedily; then, entreating him to sit down on the Stump of a Rock, he told him, that his Business of seeking him was, that, finding he had been injured, he would revenge the Injury done him, desiring him to relate the Particulars; which, after two or three deep Sighs, he did to the same purpose as recited before, but more elegantly and at large, which, for Brevity's sake, I pass over: however, in the close, he exclaiming against Women, and saying they were all false and treacherous; for even Queen *Madasima*, so famed in the Books of Knight-errantry, despising many worthy Princes, prostituted her Honour to that great Villain *Elizabat*, a Barber. *Don Quixote* grew angry, vowing that Queen *Madasima* was a very noble Lady, and it ought not to be presumed, that a Princess of Fame and Beauty would fall in love with a Quacksalver, and whosoever thinks the contrary, lies like an arrant Villain; and I will make him understand, a Horse-back or on Foot, by Night or by Day, or as he best liketh, he is no other. *Cardeno*, vexed at this Affront, fell into one of his raving Fits, flew upon our Knight-errant with such violence, he beat him to the Ground:

Ground: *Sancho*, coming to help his Master, pulled him down and beat them both till he made their Bones rattle in their Skin; which done, he fled to the Rocks, and was presently out of sight. *Don Quixote*, vex'd at the Heart to be so served, got up and cried after him to return and end the Combat on Horse-back, but had no reply. *Sancho* blamed his Master for using such Language, when he had heard before the Man was sometimes mad. To whom he furiously replied, Was he upon the Rack, and in Tortures for it, he would vindicate the Honour of Queen *Madasima*. But this was not all the Disaster; for, during the Scuffle, *Gives Passamont*, who had hid himself in the Craggs, came softly out and stole *Sancho's* Ass, that was turned to grazing, and secretly fled with it, they not in the least seeing him, which made poor *Sancho* greatly lament, as having been a trusty Beast, brought up in his House, and had served as a Play-fellow for his Wife and Children. But *Don Quixote* comforted him, saying, *Sancho*, Grieve not; I will give you a Warrant to my Niece, upon sight of which you shall receive three Ass-colts out of five, which I have at home, as soon as I send you with Letters to my adored Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*. But when, said *Sancho*, will that be? I love not, you know, to trudge on Foot-back; neither is it for your Honour your 'Squire should be subjected to such Meanness. Why, *Sancho*, replied the Knight, it shall be instantly, as soon as you have seen me do a part of my Penance, which in this Mountain is in Imitation of either *Orlando Furioso*, or *Amadis de Gaul*. Whereupon immediately, disarming and stripping himself, he put it in practice in a very extravagant manner, sometimes stand-

ing on his Head, sometimes shewing other Tricks like a Tumbler; then beating his Head against the Rock, making such Vinegar-faces; that, from that Moment, *Sancho* styled him the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, which he took kindly, and continued the Epithet ever after; to distinguish him from the Knight of the Sun, the Knight of the Golden Image, and other valiant Heroes, whom he meant to out-do, painting soon after upon his Shield a Bull-and-Mouth-face as dreadful to behold, as *Medusa's*, who had curled Snakes instead of Hair, and turned all into Stone that gazed upon her. Calling in the acting of his mad Frolicks, upon the Name of his glorious Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*, to pity and regard the Sufferings he underwent for the love of her.

*Sancho*, tired with and ashamed to see these foolish Tricks and Gambles, earnestly urged him to write the Letter, not forgetting the Warrant for his Colts; for he had already seen so much of his Sufferings for the Love of the fair *Dulcinea*, that as he would relate them with aggravating Circumstances, they could not chuse but move her, had she a Heart of Flint either to Weeping or Laughing. What's that you murmur? said *Don Quixote*. I say, Sir, If you should destroy your self by this severe Penance, it will be cause sufficient to make her weep all her Life after. I thought, said *Don Quixote*, it had been something else. Well, let me see; bring me the Tablets you found in the Portmanteau; for other Paper we have not at hand, and I will write such a moving Letter as never before saluted her fair Eyes.

*Don Quixote of Mancha*, Knight of the Ill-favoured Face, to his high and mighty Princess, *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

Sovereign Lady of my Affections,  
*The Wounded by the Point of Absence and the Hurt of the Dart of my Heart*, precious *Dulcinea del Toboso*, doth send thee the Health he ureth. If thy Beauty disdain me; if thy Valour be not to my benefit; if thy Disdains convert themselves into my harm, maugre all my Patience, shall be ill able to sustain this Care; which, besides that it is violent, is also too durable. My good Squire, *Sancho*, will give you the certain Relation, O beautiful Ingrate, and my dearest beloved Enemy, of the State wherein I remain for thy sake: If thou please to favour me, I am thine; if not, do what thou listest: For, by ending of my Life, I shall both satisfy thy Cruelty and my own Desires.

Thine until Death, &c.

Having written this, he ordered *Sancho* to get it writ fair in clean Paper as he travelled, and fold it up neatly; then *Sancho* put him in mind of the Warrant he promised him for the three Asses, which he writ and signed. *Rozinante* was thereupon immediately saddled, and *Sancho* mounting departed, strowing Boughs at all Turnings, the better to direct him the Way back to his Master, when he should return with pleasing News; and so both of them parted with Tears. And now *Don Quixote*, gave himself up to a contemplative Life, wishing that, like *Amadis*, he had a Hermet to hear his Confession, which would be very lamentable and doleful in relation

tion to his Sufferings for the Love of his Lady  
but, to supply that want, he carved them on  
Tree, viz.

O ye Plants, ye Herbs, and ye Trees,  
That flourish in this pleasant sight,  
In lofty and verdant degrees,  
If my Harms do you not delight,  
Hear my holy Complaints, which are these,  
And let not my Grief you molest,  
Though it ever so feelingly went,  
Since here, for to pay your rest,  
Don Quixote his Tears hath addrest  
Dulcinea's want to lament

Del Toboso.

In this very Place was first spy'd  
The loyallest Lover and true,  
Who himself from his Lady did hide:  
But yet felt his Sorrow anew,  
Not knowing they might proceed.  
Love doth him cruelly wrest  
With a Passion of evil descent,  
Which robs Don Quixote of rest,  
Till a Pipe with full Tears are prest,  
Dulcinea's want to lament

Del Toboso.

He searching Adventures blind,  
Amongst the dark Woods and Rocks,  
Still curseth a pitiless Mind;  
For a Wretch amongst bushy Locks  
And Crags may Misfortunes find.  
Love, with his Whip, wounded his Breast,  
And not with his soft Hands him pent,  
And when he his Noddle had prest,

Don Quixote his Tears then did wrest,  
Dulcinea's want to lament

Del Toboso.

There were many more of the like strain, but  
his being most significant may serve as a taste  
for the rest: And now, for a while, I must  
leave him in his melancholy Dumps to follow  
his Squire, who, by this time, is got out of the  
entangling Mountain, and travelled as far as the  
Inn where he was mounted in the Blanket; the  
remembrance of which Incivility carried all the  
reason in the World in it to make him shun the  
place, had not he been hindred by the Barber  
and Curate, who had burnt his Master's Librar-  
y, and were in quest of the famed Knight-errant,  
to see if they could contrive a way to bring him  
back to his Habitation and right Senses. These  
Men seeing and knowing Sancho, crossed the  
Road, stopping him, and demanding where his  
Master was, he replied, He durst not make such  
a Breach of Trust as to inform them or any o-  
ther, being charged on his Life to the contrary.  
Thou Villain, said the Barber roughly, we will  
know; for so much I know already, that this is  
his old Horse, and that you went away with him  
the last time he left his Habitation, and now no  
doubt, having murdered him, would conceal  
it by a Trick of pretended Secresie. Ay, ay, says  
the Curate, let us have him before a Magistrate  
and narrowly sift his Conscience; then send him  
to Goal to starve for six Months, and then hang  
him up in lousie Linnen. These terrible Threats  
struck poor Sancho like a Thunder-bolt, tho' inno-  
cent of the Crime laid to his charge, thinking he  
was now in a worse Case than when he was in  
the

the Blanket; so that, to save the matter, he freely confessed where his Master was, and all that had passed since their departure, which, according to his relating it, proved a very comical Story; but, coming to the Matter of the Letter and Warrant, they demanded to see them, and they would copy them fair out; but *Sancho* looking for his Wallet wherein he had stuffed them, he remembered he had left it behind him, which put him into a Peck of Troubles, till they told him they would at a venture write an Answer, and he need not go any further, but save himself a tedious Journey, for they knew her Mind as well as if he had addressed himself to her; and, having refreshed himself with some Meat and Drink, he should be dispatched back with a suitable Answer to his Master; then hallow and hoop about the Rock, that, at their coming, they might find him: But, upon pain of losing the promised Earldom, and the three Ass-colts, which the Barber promised him he should be possessed of in a little time, not to mention one word who they were tho' he knew them, for they meant to come in disguise. *Sancho*, in hopes of his own advantage, promised obedience, dined without, for they could not get him into the Inn, the terror of his Blanket-tossing wrought so much on his mind; yet he kept the knowledge of it from them, making other Excuses for his declining it, and was glad, seeing his Waller of Provisions failed him, and he had no Warrant for the Colts, without which he concluded they would not be delivered; that he should by this means cut off thirty Leagues he had further to travel: So, having after Dinner received his Dispatches with full Instructions, he turned *Roxinante* about and trooped

trooped back again very leisurely, lest he should be thought to come too soon.

*Sancho* arriving in the rocky Mountain, with some difficulty found out his Master stark naked, pined for want of Necessaries, yet playing his former antick Tricks and wild Gamboles very nimbly; but no sooner had he cast his Eyes on his Squire but he left off, and, putting on a grave Countenance, went to meet him, courteously, saluted him, and demanded how he came to make so quick a return? O, said *Sancho*, it is past credit to tell you how swiftly *Roxinante* scoured it away backward and forward; I never in all my life knew him make half the speed, all I could do was not able to hold him, and when he came to your Lady's Gate, he neighed thrice; and then, out of respect to you, and in veneration to her whom you adore, reverently kneeled till I alighted. Well, said *Don Quixote*, tho' thy Ignorance cannot comprehend it, I know the reason of all this: Some wise Magician, who is my Friend, knowing by his Art, tho' at a distance, the grateful Errand, speeded thee in thy way, adding invisible Wings to *Roxinante's* Feet. I believe it might be so, said *Sancho*, or he could never have made such speed. Our Knight then demanded, whither he had seen his Lady? what she was doing? how she took the Message? and what Answer she return'd? To these *Sancho* reply'd distinctly; that he had seen her; that she was tall, brawny, tann'd, but very comely; that she was sifting or dressing two Bushels of Wheat to carry to the Mill; that she took the Message kindly; and, for Answer, laid her Commands on you, as you respect her Favours, you will, cutting off all delay, and laying aside all excuse, instantly

stantly repair to her presence, to confer with her about something that nearly concerns your felicity. Did she read my Letter, said *Don Quixote*, and write an Answer? No, replied *Sancho*; for she can neither Write nor Read, but tore it to bits, because she would not communicate the Secrets of her Love to any, by getting one to read it to her. This is a whisker! said *Don Quixote*; and in this particular thou art a lying Villain, which makes me doubt the rest; for, searching thy Wallet, which, like a careless Knave, thou left'st behind thee for some Victuals, I found both the Letter and Warrant. All that is truth, said *Sancho*, and yet I am no Lyar; for, hearing you read it, I kept it in my Memory, and got one to write it from my Mouth, wrapt it up neatly and presented it, but since have forgot every word of it, unless *Sovereign Lady*, and *Yours until Death*. Well, *Sancho*, this may be, said *Don Quixote*, and I ask thy pardon for the hasty Words I have spoken: But had you the Colts? No, said *Sancho*; your Niece would not deliver them, because I had not the Warrant. Hereupon *Don Quixote* comforted him, in telling him he notwithstanding should not fail of his Promise, so soon as he had disposed himself to pay his Lady a Visit, and the mean while they would go in search of the wild Man, and hear what they could learn further of his Affairs. *Don Quixote* vowing to right his Injuries on those that had wronged him, tho' *Sancho* still seeming to feel the Buffets, laboured to dissuade him from his Intentions: In which Search for a while, we must leave him and return to the Inn.

## C H A P. VII.

*How the Curate and Barber arrived at Sierra Morena in disguise to wheedle Don Quixote home. Of the strange Adventure of a disguised Lady: Their Discourse with her and the distracted Lover, who they were, and the Injury that had been done them. The new Device to get Don Quixote thence to fight with a mighty Giant, that had usurped the Kingdom of Micomicon; which he attempting to do in his Sleep at the next Inn, cut to pieces several Bags of Red-wine, and almost kill'd the Host.*

THE Curate and Barber intent to devise a Stratagem to bring *Don Quixote* back to his House, and casting many things in their Mind, concluded it must be something suiting with his extravagant Humour that must effect so great a Work: in the end it was resolved, That the Barber apparelling himself like a Woman, and the Curate like his Page; he being found, the former should declare himself the distracted Princess of *Micomicon*, a vast Country in *Aethiopia*, directed by the dying Predictions of her Father to search him out, and implore his Aid against *Carimfamsilo*, a monstrous bloody Giant, whom she foresaw would take her Kingdom from her, if she refused to Marry him; and, upon her refusal, had since driven her from it with the slaughter of a great part of her Subjects. This Device seemed so feasible to them, that borrowing suitable Attire in the Inn, and leaving Pledges for it, they immediately set forward on their Mules, to put in Practice what they had determined; but, upon entering



tering the streights of the vast desolate Mountain, they were stop'd to give attention to a doleful, but most harmonious and ravishing Voice of one that sung exceeding sweetly in this manner:

*Why doth my Weal diminish thus and stain?*

*And say by whom my Woes augmented be?*

*And who my Patience doth by trial wrong?*

*If that be so, then for my grievous Wrong,  
No remedy at all I may obtain;*

*Since my best Hopes I cruelly find stain,  
By Disdain, Jealousie and Absence long.*

*Who in my Mind, these Dolours still doth move?*

*And who my Glories ebb doth most importune?*

*And to my Complaints, by whom increase is given?*

*If this be so, then my Mistrusts jump ev'n,*

*That of my wondrous Evil I must die;  
Since in my Harm joy'd and united be,  
Love, wavering Fortune, and a rigorous Heaven.*

*Who better hap can unto me bequeath?*

*From whom his Favours doth not Love estrange?*

*And his too serious Harms, who cureth wholly?*

*If that be so, it is no Wisdom truly,*

*To think by human Means to cure that care,  
Where th' only Antidotes and Medicines are,  
Desired Death, light Change, and endless Folly.*

They guess'd, by this doleful Song, that it could proceed from no other than some distressed Lover; and the rather, because his Song ended with profound Sighs, and therefore resolved to search him out, and comfort him the best they could. They soon found him under a hanging Rock, his Head declining and resting on his Hand, his Elbow the like on the Knee, Tears gushing out intermixed with Sighs and Sobs, so that the sight of him moved them to great Compassion. The Man, whose Cloaths were all in Tatters, espied them likewise, and shewed no semblance of Fear, not once lifting up his Eyes: They coming near, the Curate knew him to be the sorrowful Cardenio, who had left his woful Parents upon the unfortunate Marriage of Fucinda with Don Ferdinando, youngest Son to the Duke Richardo, in the manner as you have heard, and the same that Don Quixote had seen, and was now gone in search of.

The sorrowful young Man, who was now in his Senses, knowing the Curate, suffered himself to be advised by him, whose reasons were so cogent and pressing, that to be brief in the Matter, he prevailed with him, to leave that solitary Life, seeing he was not altogether left without Hopes of enjoying his fair Lucinda; who was not false to him, but compelled to that unhappy Marriage, by the rigour of her Parents. And Don Ferdinando, upon some disgust, leaving her that Night, without Bedding her, she was since fled none knows where, vowing eternal Virginity for his sake, whom she owned to be her lawful Spouse, by Vows and strict Contract. No sooner had the Curate prevailed with Cardenio, who attested this Relation on the verity of a Priest, revived as from the Grave, but passing all together

forward in the search of *Don Quixote*, of whose Humour they acquainted him, and he recounted to them the Adventure, that had happened between him and that Knight. They heard a singing in a little Spring, under a Rock, where turning aside to see what might cause it, in this unfrequented Place, they espied a Youth, in a Shepherd's Garb, washing his Feet, his Legs naked, which appeared as white as Alabaster, his Hands fine and small, of the same Complexion. The Youth, as they supposed him, hearing the trampling of Feet, turning in some fear to the sound, his Cap fell off, and the curious flame of his Hair tucked within it, flowed immediately down beneath the Waste, by which means they perceived it was a beautiful Woman, in that homely Disguise.

The Curate upon this nice discovery, leaving the other at a little distance, advanced towards her, and in mild Words, intreated her not to be afraid, for she should receive no prejudice, but rather consolation in her Misfortunes; for nothing less than some weighty Affliction, could bring such a beautiful Creature, in so homely Disguise, to so desolate a place; whilst he was thus speaking, she hastened to draw on her Shoes and curious Sky-coloured Silk Stockings; then rising up with a lovely Blush, that added to her excellent Beauty, said, Sir, whoever you are, seeing you have, by an unlucky accident discovered me to be a Woman, which I thought to have concealed from all, and perceiving you Courteous, and the marks of honourable Disfigurements engraven in your Face, I will not deny my Sex, nor that I am in this Solitude, but upon the account of a sad Affliction befallen me, per-

ceiving the remedy of Heaven it self to redress: Whilst she thus spake, *Cardenio* eyed her narrowly, and sighing, protested he had never seen so beautiful a Face, looking lovely even in Sorrow, unless his once adored *Lucinda*. The Curate, and the rest, hereupon pressed her with many obliging Entreaties, to sit down on the Bank of the Stream, that flowed from the Spring, and acquaint them, briefly, with her mishaps, and possibly, there might yet be found a way to bring her consolation, and an end of her Troubles: Yes, said she, weeping, if you put me into a Grave, where they may have an end, in the long forgotten Repository of the Dead; for, at least in any human possibility, no other way is there to put an Period to my weighty Sufferings; yet lest my Fame should Suffer, dying here obscurely, and alone, and that the World may not be ignorant, that I suffer unjustly, and by whom my sufferings were created, I will not refuse, briefly, to recount my sad Story: They kindly thanked her, for this obliging Favour, and each one, taking a place on the Mossie Rock, that afforded commodious Seats, she with a deep sigh, thus began.

You being said, she, as I suppose, all of this Country, cannot but have heard of that eminent Grandee, and Peer, Duke *Ricardo*, of the Province of *Andaluzia*; to this great Man, my Father was a Vassal, or Tennant: He loved me dearly, I being his only Daughter, and being very rich, as holding large Possessions in Farms, Vine-yards, Olive-yards, and Cattle without Number; he brought me up, not as other Country Girls, but to the best Learning and Breeding, that suits my Sex; and so tender and fond was

he and my Mother of me, that they gave me a Maid particularly to wait on me, and when I was grown up, committed all their Affairs to my Conduct, and Management: I did what pleased, without controul. In the height of my Felicity, and a fatal Hour, *Don Fernando*, the Dukes youngest Son, made it his way to hunt for our Grounds; my Father, who highly respected him, for the nobleness of his Stock, went out to meet him, and invited him, to take a repast at our House, where he was well Entertained. He was placed at the Table by my Mother, in the best Attire, and young as I was, saw by his Eyes, fixed more than is usual on my Face, that little stock of Beauty I then had, which my Sorrow has much wasted, infected his Mind, and made him uneasy; however, at that time, he parted without any further Discovery, but he came often, and invited himself; and one Day after Dinner, walking in our Garden, he seized me alone, gained an Opportunity to come to me, and in most obliging, and passionate Terms, uttered some other Words, told me he was in Love with me, intreating that I would, in no wise think he had any dishonest intentions, tho' I might infer so much, from the disproportion of his Birth and Fortune; for he would, if I consented, make me his Wife, and place me in the rank of Honour, as he flattered me, my Beauty and good Parts well deserved; he spoke many more Words, but I excused my self from making an Answer to the Particular he demanded, and followed away by his Company, he left me. This put me into some Confusion, tho' at that Instant the Gallantry, and Comely personage of this perfidious Man kindled in me Thoughts very pleasing; However,

er, I acquainted my Parents with what he had said, to have their more grave Advice in such a weighty Matter. The first mention of this made them start and tremble, as foreseeing, the Misfortune that was like to ensue in their Family, charging me not to entertain his Love, for it tended to no other than mine and their Dishonour; and, I wish to Heaven (said she) lifting up her languishing Eyes, raining a shower of pearly Tears, I had taken their Advice, but he finding admittance debarred him, after many Letters had passed between us, with all-powerful Gold, found an Opportunity to bribe my Maid, to betray me into his Arms, hiding him in my Chamber, to that end, yet he gained not his desire, as Passionately as I loved him, till by a thousand Vows, in the presence of my Maid, and to confirm them Kissing, the Images of divers Saints, that stood on my Cabinet, he promised me the next Day, to take me for his Wife, plighting his Troth thereto, by invoking Heaven to be Witness of his sincerity. What shall I say! I cannot deny he rifled my Virgin-treasure, and early in the Morning, leaving me in a pleasant Slumber, stole away; and since I have not seen him, tho' I have heard he has Married one *Lucinda*, a Rich Man's Daughter, in breach of his Oaths and Promises to me, who yet hold my self to be his lawful Wife; Married her, tho' she was betroathed before to a young Gentleman, and his intimate Friend, whom this treacherous Man basely rivalled, contrary to the Trust reposed in him.

Being come to this part of the Story, *Cardenio*, whom she knew not, fetching a deep Sigh, and much ado to refrain from Tears, intreated her not to proceed in relating the Circumstances of

that fatal Marriage, for it would but add to her overwhelming Afflictions, who was but too deeply interested in it. Upon this she fixed her Eyes on him wistfully, till the Curate told her, That that very Person was the unfortunate *Cardenio*, and of the Sufferings *Don Ferdinando's* Treachery had brought upon him, desiring her to proceed in her own Story. I have, continued she, nothing more to add, but finding my self so forsaken, putting on this Shepherd's Habit, I secretly left my Father's House, with a little bundle of my own Cloaths, which I have hid hard by in a Rock, leaving our Family in Tears and Confusion, and resolving in this solitary place to spend the little remainder of my Life, which cannot be long under such weighty Afflictions. Upon this *Cardenio* kissing her fair Hand, recited to her his sad part of the Story that touched himself, vowing, that as a Gentleman he would in her Cause challenge the treacherous Lord to the Field, and with his Sword do her Justice, in compelling him to take her as his first and lawful Wife, or render him incapable of such Treachery for the future; but for his own Cause, he would resign it to the Justice of the Heavens, for he could not as yet be confirmed in his Mind, but that *Luscinda*, whom he so much adored, had, after all her Promises, blinded with approaching Greatness, and gilded Honours, proved false and treacherous, after all her Vows to the contrary. This Promise, and the Curate's further urgent Persuasions and Reasons laid down, at length prevailed with the beautiful Shepherdess, whose Name was *Dorotea*, to leave that solitary Life, and yet hope for a prosperous end of her Affair; so that she resolved to joyn with them in the Conversion of *Don Quixote*

and to that end agreed to personate the Queen of *Micomicon*: And so going aside to the Rock where she left her Cloaths, she soon returned again in her own Garb, exceeding rich; which added such Ornament to her native Beauty, as struck the Beholders more with Wonder than ever.

This was no sooner done, but *Sancho*, who espied them from the top of a Rock, fell to whooping and hollowing, signifying thereby his Master was there: Upon this appointed Sign, they went towards him, by such Ways as were most easie; for some, by reason of the craggy rockyness were too difficult to pass. *Sancho* had persuaded him before-hand to Cloath and Arm himself; and the Barber having taking the Cloaths *Dorotea* put off, and some Habit of the Curate's, clapt on a false Beard made of an Ox's Tail, brought from the Inn, went foremost with the Lady, attending her as her Squire; the other two not yet being sufficiently disguised lagged behind, lest, being discovered, they should spoil the Jest: The Lady was set on the Barber's Mule, and he run by her side: No sooner she approached our Knight-errant, but she alighted, fell at his Feet, forcing some Tears, which her earnest Grief had furnished her withal, and proceeded thus to implore his Aid:

Thrice valorous Knight, I crave of you a Boon, and have vowed not to rise from this place till it is granted by you; it is also such a one as will redound to your Honour, and cause your renowned Person, if possible, to be more highly prized, and to the Profit of the most disconsolate Damsel the Sun ever shined on: And if it be so, that the Valour of your invincible Arm be correspondent to the Sound of your immortal Fame, you

are, as a Knight-errant, in Honour obliged to succour the Distressed, coming from a remote Land, drawn by the noise of your famous Name, to implore a Remedy for her Miseries, which are very grievous: But hereupon he protested he would grant her nothing till she vouchsafed to rise, and then he would hear and grant it, let it be what it would, if it be not to demand the Possession of his Heart, already taken up by the peerless Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

Upon this, the beauteous *Dorotea* in humble manner thanked him, and said, Renowned Knight, I come not to intrench upon your Love, if already settled, tho' (with a Sigh, continued she) I could for some Reasons have wished your Heart had not been entangled by a Pre-engagement, but free and at your own dispose; but since it proves otherwise, know, That your humble Supplicant is the Princess *Micomicona*, Queen of the mighty Kingdom *Micomicon*, in *Aethiopia*, stored with Gold and all precious Jewels; this Kingdom is taken from me upon the Death of my Father by a bloody Tyrant, who is a monstrous Giant, named *Landaffilando*, thirty Cubits high, riding upon no less than eight Horses at once, saddled and chained together, over all whose Backs he strides, for one or two are not able to bear his Weight. This Giant seeking me in Marriage, and I disdaining such a Monster, he made War upon me and my People, and destroyed such a number, that, not being able to make head any longer, I ordered them to submit, and save their Lives, flying with only a few into *Spain*, in search of you, Renowned Sir, to slay this mighty Giant, who, according to my Father's Prophecy, are the Man designed by Fate to undertake and finish so

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meritorious a Work, for which I promise to Reward you with what you shall desire; but then you must promise instantly to go with me, and undertake no other Adventure till this is finished, and you have settled me in my Kingdom.

*Don Quixote* offered her immediately his Service, and that nothing should intervene; and as for the killing of the Giant, tho' he knew him to be of the Polephemian Breed, that is, the larger size of Giants, and heard much of his great Actions, nay, of this very Matter, he doubted not, in Combate, but to take off his Head as he would that of a Poppey growing amongst Corn. *Sancho* having over-heard all that was said, tickled himself with Joy, not fearing but that an Earldom or Island would soon be in his Possession; and that if it lay by the Sea-side, he would send his black Subjects by whole Ship-loads into *Spain*, and sell them as good Merchandise.

The beauteous *Dorotea* having returned humble Thanks to her Champion, intreating him, cutting off all delay, to follow her out of the Mountain, where she should meet with some of her Train, and set forward in order to embark with the first fair Wind; whereupon, lifting her on her Mule, he mounted *Rozinante*, and ordered *Sancho* to lay the Wallet behind and follow him, so that in an Hour or two they were in the great Road that leads to *Segovia*; and there *Cardenio* and the Curate, who kept aloof before, upon seeing they advanced, joyned them so disguised, that *Don Quixote* knew him nor: They payed profound Respect to the Lady, as to their Queen, and on they travelled till they came to the Inn. The Inn-keeper seeing *Don Quixote* and his Squire, calling to mind how they before had served him,

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and supposing he had brought a greater Train to eat up the remainder of his Provisions, with paying for it but as before, to put it upon the Score of *Knight-errantry*, strained Courtesie, and scrupled to receive them, till the Curate understanding the Cause, promised he should be well satisfied, passing over in silence what before had befallen him; and so they entered, *Sancho* at the same time sweating for fear of a second loss in the Blanket.

They fell immediately to discourse about their Affairs till Dinner was ready, which ended with good Appetite; the Host, that they might the better pass the Afternoon, brought them a Bundle of Books of *Knight-errantry*, and others, with which he said his Guest diverted themselves, and were mightily pleased to read or hear them read. In the evening, his Maid, Wife, Daughter and Servants would stand about the Reader in a Ring, and spend whole Hours to listen to those Adventures contained in them, like Nightingals to a Flageolet. The Curate turning two or three of them lightly over, and perceiving what Romantick stuff they contained, of Fights with Giants, Battels, Sieges, stealing of Princesses, languishing for fair Ladies, declared them only to be forged Stories, idle, witty Inventions to deceive the Ignorant, and draw their Minds from better things. The Host, who was a Well-wisher to the Mathematicks, at this appeared disgruntled, affirming, he believed they were every Syllable true, as, how could it be otherwise, seeing they were in Print by Authority? But *Don Quixote* starting up, fell to down-right raving in their defence, drawing his Sword, and swearing he would maintain the Truth of them to the last drop of his Blood, and they were Li-

ars and Villains that offered to traduce them, or go about to stifle the Histories of the Lives of such famous Knights, that had done so much good for their own and other Nations; of which mighty and laudable Actions, these Books were Authentick: And what might he expect less, if this were suffered when the Wise Man should write the History of his famed Actions to Renown him to all Posterity? The Barber and the rest, seeing his Madness begin to work anew, that might spoil their good Intentions, if not speedily remedied, advised the Curate to lay the Books aside; which done, they laboured to pacifie him with gentle Words, in soft Terms, excusing what had been said, turning it only to a Jest to try his Temper; upon which he grew calm, and commanded them to be audibly read over distinctly from Point to Point: But *Dorotea*, who had a quick Wit, to prevent being wedged in by these Beetles of Romances, laid her Commands on him, that seeing the Wind served, and they were immediately to set sail for finishing the Adventure of the Giant, to suffer her to lead him to his Chamber, there for a time to refresh himself with Sleep, the better to enable him to undergo the Fatigue: With some Reluctancy he consented to be guided by her, and stretching himself on a Couch, immediately fell into a profound Sleep.

*Don Quixote* absent, the Curate proceeded to turn over the rest of the Books, and, amongst them, found one, entituled, *The Courteous Imperiment*, treating of one *Anselmo*, a noble young Gentleman, who marrying *Camilla*, a most beautiful Lady, constrained his dear Friend *Lohario*, by many Intreaties, to court her in his absence, that, her Constancy being try'd, he finding her



Proof against all Assaults, which he was confident she was, might have reason the more to value her as an inestimable Jewel: His Friend dissuaded him from such a Course, with many powerful Reasons, but they prevailed not: So that undertaking the, at first, unwelcome Task, courted her so in earnest, that, after many Assaults and Denials, he found her complying, and had often secret Pleasure with her, till supposing they were discovered by a Waiting-woman, privy to their stolen Hours of Venereal Solace, they fled away with most of his Riches, which struck the Curious Impertinent so to the Heart, who had himself been the first Occasion of his own Misfortune, that he died of Grief, leaving an unfinished Letter, wherein he forgave his Wife and condemned his own Folly, in giving her up to that Temptation, that few Women, young and fair, are able to resist. Whilst they were debating the Verity of this, some alledging it was true, others, that it was a little improbable, that a Husband in this would be so foolish to die for his Wife's cuckolding him and running away, seeing it was so frequent and almost every Day's Practice in one place or another. Their Ears were saluted with a dreadful Noise, as coming out of a hollow Vault, crying, Stay Tyrant! Murderer! Stay! For, since thou art here, neither thy monstrous Size, thy Mace nor Scimiter shall avail thee. This Noise was followed by many furious Blows. *Sancho*, who supposed it was his Master's Voice, run into his Room, and not finding him there, guided by the Noise that continued, enter'd into the Cellar, a Ground-floor, found our Knight laying violently about him with his Sword, and, as he thought, the Cellar swimming in Blood; when,

running out almost breathless, between Joy and Fear, with abrupt Stammerings, he assured them his Master had finished the *Micomicon*-Adventure for them himself, and had seen the Giant's Head fly off, and there issued such abundance of Blood out of his huge Trunk as floated the Cellar where the Combate was fought like a Sea. And now he doubted not but the Princess would allot him his promised Island, or some Earldom in lieu of it. The Host hearing this, looked pale, as suspecting the truth of what had so unluckily for him fallen out; and, leaving the Company abruptly in some amazement, hastened to the Cellar, where, meeting his red Wine floating to the Door, cried out in a lamentable tone, he was utterly undone; and, being a cholerick Fellow, impatient of such an Injury, he rushed in up to the Ancles, and crying, O Thief! Villain! I will have my revenge on thee! fell with great fury on *Don Quixote*, and dry-fisted him in a violent manner; but he, having his Sword in his Hand, and supposing another Giant assaulted him, took the Host such a full Blow with the Back of it on the Crown, that he fell'd him at his Feet; where he lay wallowing in the Wine, and crying out Murther, till the Company came running to know the Cause of this dreadful Coil. *Sancho* was foremost, and cried out, Now their own Eyes might satisfy them his Master had slain the Giant and finished the Adventure, running in to fetch his Head; but, with much tugging, could not get it off, at which he fretted exceedingly.

The Curate and the rest perceiving how Matters went, and fearing the Host might be murdered in their sight, between the Master and the Man; for *Sancho* cried out to him to strike again,

gain, that he might have his Head, not yet divided from his Shoulders, to lay at the Princess's Feet, found themselves constrained to wade and prevent it. The Host, thus rescued, got out his Feet, and run out in a smelling Pickle, like a drowned Rat, and could not be pacified till the promised to pay for the Wine that was spilt, and make him all other reasonable satisfaction he could desire. Now this Adventure strangely happened, for our Knight dreaming he was in *Aethiopia*, and the Giant challenging him to the Field, and, after a fierce Combat, fled into a deep Cave and shut himself in, he got up in the sleep in pursuit, burst the Cellar-door open, and with his Sword, thinking he was still in combat with him, cut in pieces and bored several Bags of red Wine, which caused the float they saw; and much ado they had to wake him and make him understand what he had done, and how he had been deceived in the supposed Gigantick Combat, he alledging a long time against what ever they said, it was an enchanted Castle, and things appeared to them otherwise than they really were, for he was sure he had killed the Giant, and that was his Blood, tho' his Head and Body were conveyed away, he knew not how, to rob him of the Honour of his Victory and the Reward promised by the Princess.

## C H A P

## C H A P. VIII.

*The lucky Adventure that befel Cardenio and Dorotea in the Inn, putting an end to their afflicted Conditions. The happy arrival of the Captive with a beautiful Arabian Princess. Of a Judge and his fair Daughter, and many other Matters; being a Chapter full of prosperous Adventures, unless to our Knight-errant, who was served a scurvy Trick by the Host's Maid and Daughter. How he was carried home, &c.*

WHilst all the House was in a Hurly-burly about this strange Adventure, the Host cursing the Hostess, their Daughter crying, and the Maid fretting, there came into the Inn, well mounted, four Men and a Woman, disguised in Apparel and Vizors on their Faces, attended by two Lacquies; the Host, hoping they might be good Guest, having got all the Money *Don Quixote* had about him, in recompence for the loss of his Wine, composed his Countenance as well as he could, and hastened to welcom them; for, by this time, they dismounted, and took the Woman from her Palfry, who appeared exceeding dejected, nothing but sighing and hanging down her Head, which the Curate, *Dorotea* and *Cardenio* well noting from the Window, concluded she came forced, and, by her Garb, gathered she might be a Nun, taken out of some Monastery, or one who they were, against her Will, carrying to some such place. A Curiosity to know the Truth, when they were entred the House, made the Curate enquire of the Lacquies; but they protested they knew not who she was, nor those that

that guarded her, they being raken up upon the Road, and promised considerable Rewards to attend them, never having seen any of their Faces nor heard the Woman speak a Word, or the rest but very seldom. But this proved a fortunate Adventure; for the Lady was the fair *Lucinda*, whom *Don Ferdinando*, who was the chief of those who guarded her, had taken by surprise out of a Nunnery, whither she fled on the Wedding-night, after she came out of her Transe, and was now carrying her to a remote Seat, belonging to the Duke his Father, there to compel her to comply with his Desires. *Dorotea*, who went to offer her her Service, found her beloved *Ferdinando*; and falling at his Feet with abundance of Tears, and such moving Reasons, that being touched with Remorse for the Injury he had done her, and finding the sullen Obstinacy of *Lucinda*, who protested rather to die than yield her self to any one's Arms than *Cardenio's*, who, she said, was her lawful Spouse, suddenly changed his Love to *Lucinda* into a generous Disdain, and embraced his fair *Dorotea*, whose Love and Constancy had in this Conflict made an entire Conquest over his long wavering Affections, with such loving Endearments, that she swooned away in his Arms for Joy: But, being again recovered and informed the generous *Cardenio* was in the House, to put her out of any doubt of a relapse, he sent for him, and, taking *Lucinda* by the Hand, after asking Pardon for the Injury done to such faithful Lovers, made them joyn Hands and embrace each other; which they did with such fervency, shedding abundance of Tears for Joy, that no Pen can express the Excesses and Transports these Lovers underwent by this

his new Change of Fortune. The Curate and Barber, hearing what had luckily happened on all sides, came to congratulate their unspeakable felicity; who, from the Depth of Misery and Despair, were, by this accidental Meeting, raised to their highest Wishes on this side Heaven. *Cardenio* and *Lucinda* fell at *Don Ferdinando's* Feet, and rendred him infinite Thanks, that he had at last been just to them. And, in Honour of this happy Union, great Feasting was ordered to be made. But *Sancho*, over-hearing a good part of the Discourse, and plainly perceiving his Hopes were frustrated in the Micomicon Princess, carried the heavy Tydings to his Master; who, doubtful of the Truth of his Assertion, came blustering in, all armed, to be better satisfied. But *Don Ferdinando* in the mean time being informed whom his fair *Dorotea* had personated, and made acquainted with *Don Quixote's* Humours, had agreed she should carry on the Design, that he might be the better sensible of her Wit and ingenious Conduct in such Intrigues: So that upon our Knight's demanding the Question, all affirmed, this Squire was mistaken, for she was yet the same Princess. Upon which, turning about, he gave the poor Squire such a Con, between the Neck and Shoulders, as tumbled him over and over, calling him, Base Villain! Lying Intelligencer! and one who meanly sought to eclipse his Fame and Honour. And worse it had gone with him, had not *Dorotea* laid her Commands on him to pacifie his Anger and pardon him, seeing it was a Fault only by mistake, rather than wilfully committed.

Whilst these things passed, there came riding into the Yard a Man, who, by his Habit, shew-

ed he was a Christian, newly returned from among the Moors, and a Woman veiled in Moorish Habit, which made the Company curious to invite them to the great Parlour, in which they resided; the Host was ordered to do it, and accordingly they accepted the Invitation. They being seated, *Dorotea*, perceiving the Woman silent, demanded of the Man who she was? He told her, she was more than she seemed to be, and, after they had refreshed themselves, he would, for the Favour they had shewed him, give them a brief Relation of all: With this Promise they rested satisfied; and, after a plentiful Repast, he thus began:

I was, said he, born of a good House in Spain, in a certain Village in the Mountain of *Leon*; my Father had two Sons besides me, and I the eldest, he keeping a plentiful Table for all comers; and, by that means finding his Substance waste, we being Men grown, thought fit to provide for us, however it went with himself hereafter; bidding each chuse an Employment to his Mind, and he would give us our Shares in ready Money: I hereupon chose the Exercise of Arms; the next to be a Merchant; and the youngest to be a Student; then he mortgaged his whole Estate to my Uncle, and gave each of us 3000 Ducats; but, seeing he had little left, we every one returned him one Thousand apiece back: Then I went I into the Venetian Service, and soon had the Credit to be made Captain of a Foot-Company; but, in a dreadful Engagement with the Turks, tho' our Side rested Victor, I, venturing too far, was taken Prisoner, and sold to an Algerine-Merchant, who used me hardly, and often urged me to ransom my self; but I had no

opportunity, till this fair Lady, who is the Daughter of an Arabian Prince, living in that City, desirous to be conveyed into Spain, and confirmed in the Christian Religion, which she was instructed in by a Woman-slave she kept, compassionating me, sent privately 1000 Ducats; with which I got a Merchant under-hand to pay my Ransom, and hired a Renegado, who traded with a small Bark, to bring me away with this inestimable Prize, and 10000 Ducats of Gold and a great Value in Jewels, which, with her self, she conveyed privately on board; but, in our return, we were robbed by the French, and suffered many Hardships: And, having been long absent, and doubtful whither any of my Relations are alive, or at least able to do for me, it much troubles me, not knowing how I shall be able to maintain her according to her Birth and higher Deserts; for I intend to marry so soon as she shall be baptized by the Name of *Mary*, which she passionately desires, her Arabian Name being *Zoraida*, and speaks no Spanish.

The Stranger having briefly finish'd his Narration, the Ladies were desirous to see her Face, and spoke to him to entreat her to unvail; which he did in Arabick, and she readily consented, discovering so peerless a Beauty, that the Ladies were abashed to see their own so far out-shined by this African Stranger: The Men were amazed, protesting they had never seen one so transcendently beauteous in Spain nor any other Country where they had travelled through. *Cardeno* and *Ferdinando* had no cause to repine, all Spain not affording Beauties comparable to these of their two Ladies. They told him he might well esteem her a Prize or Treasure, for she was

worth all the Jewels of both *Indies*; bidding him not despair of Support, for their Fortunes, which were not inconsiderable, should be at his Service, till he could be better provided.

Scarce had these worthy Personages done speaking, ere a Coach came to the Door well attended, and, it being now Evening, a Page entered and demanded Lodging for his Master and a young Lady. The Hostess, whom he accosted, plainly told him she had none to spare, having more Guest than Beds already. What, said he, not for my Lord, the Judge? He must and ought to be entertained, and not exposed to travel in the dark six Leagues before he came at another Inn. The Name of Judge startled the Hostess; when, pausing a little, and begging excuse, she said she would see what shift she could make, in treating him to desire his Lord to alight, which he did, with a young beautiful Lady, about sixteen Years of Age, who was his Daughter; he was dressed in his Robes, and carried a majestic Presence. *Don Quixote*, who was next at hand, accosted them in his Armour with many frivolous Complements; which made the Judge wonder, and startled the young Lady, who seemed affrighted at his meager Visage, and his inviting them, amongst other Expressions, into this famous enchanted Castle, for so he termed the Inn: But *Cardeno* and *Dorotea* coming up, and, with profound Respect and Courtesie, welcoming them, and inviting them to enter their Apartment, they appeared better pleased, and took nothing in evil part, especially being made sensible of *Don Quixote's* Follies.

The Captain no sooner fixed his Eyes on the Judge, but his Heart leaped within him; for he

verily believed him no other than his younger Brother, who had chosen to be a Student; yet, being somewhat doubtful, he went apart, and demanded his Name of his Page? Who reply'd, *Don Perez* of *Viedma*. This confirmed him he was right; when, saying nothing further to the Page, he called the Curate aside, and told him of his good Luck, by coming to that Inn; yet feared to discover himself before he was certain his Brother had so much regard for him as to own him. The Curate bid him leave that to him, promising to bring it about by a Fetch: At Supper the Curate said Grace, and the Judge understanding him to be a Clergyman, asked him, If ever he had been in the *Indies*? where he was now going to be Judge of the Court of *Lima* in *Peru*, where already resided his Brother, *Hernando Perez* of *Viedma*, who he heard was grown exceeding rich by Merchandise. No, my Lord, replied the Curate; but I have been in *Turkey*, to my cost, as taken in one of the Gallies, and made a Slave; where I had for my Comrade a very proper Gentleman of your Name, who endured great Hardships with me; but, making his escape when I was redeemed, and coming home, was, as I since heard, taken by the French, fighting valiantly; his Name was *Ruy Perez* of *Viedma*, born in a Village of Mount *Leon*; he said he had two Brothers, one a Merchant, another a Student; that his Father divided his Wealth amongst them, and he took upon him the Profession of Arms.

The Judge, upon this, changed colour, and, clapping his Hand on his Breast, said, It could be no other than my elder Brother, for whom I have wept so often, hearing he was Captive, but not hear-



hearing from him in what part of *Turkey*, knew not where to send his Ransom, which had my Father, or my self done, it should have been sent to the last Dollar of our Fortunes. Is your Father then alive, my Lord? said the Curate. He is replied the Judge, but in a dying State; through Desire to learn something of his eldest Son, and doth daily importune God with incessant Prayers, he may live but so long as to see him once more.

The Captain, who stood behind the Chair, and heard all this, was, you must think not a little overjoyed, and not being able, longer to conceal himself, he stepped forward, and bowing himself, said, Most worthy Brother, I am that lost Sheep you inquire after; I am *Ruy Perez* of *Viedma*, who hearing my honoured Father is alive, could conceal my self no longer from you: The Judge fixed his Eyes on him, and sat amazed for some time; but by certain Tokens perceiving it was no Vision, nor Error, he rose up and straightly Imbraced him, and in that Imbrace, Tears of Joy flowed on either part: The hear of their Affections, a little moderating, the Judge made him sit down by him, told him his Father growing frugal, had redeemed his Estate, which now he would entirely leave to him; for himself and his other Brother, were blessed already with plentifully Estates, desiring he would tell him more particularly his Adventures than as yet he had heard from the Curate; which he did at large, so feelingly, that although the Judge struggled to restrain his Tears, they rebelled against his Will, when he came to that part, relating to *Xoraida's* Love and Sufferings, praising her charitable Inclination, and her Piety: but being brought to him

him and unveiled he stood amazed at her Beauty, telling his Brother, the Lady was a sufficient recompence for his loss and sufferings, pulling from his Fingers a Diamond-Ring, and putting it on hers, kissing her, and thanking her for her Love to his Brother. Then it was agreed, they should return to *Sevil*, and their Father being advertized will come thither, where the Baptism and Marriage Ceremonies should be celebrated, as became the Ladies Birth and Virtues.

It now growing late, the Travelers were weary, and ordered the Ladies first to take up their Lodging in the best apartment, which they did; the Men were likewise provided for in the House, but *Don Quixote*, to Guard such a precious Treasure of Beauty as the Inn contained, the like never having furnished it out before, made a Vow to be upon the Watch that Night in his Armour on Horse-back, which was permitted him: *Sancho* pigged in with the Ostler, whose Cabin was the Hay-loft, when a little before Day, there was such a most melodious and tuneful Voice heard, that even ravished their Ears, in these Words.

*I am a Marriner in love,  
Which in his depth profound,  
Still Sails, and yet no hope can prove  
Of coming aye to th' Ground.  
I following go a glistening Star,  
Which I aloof descry,  
Much more resplendent then those are  
That Palinure did spy.*

*I know not where my course to bend,  
And so confusedly,*



To see it only I pretend  
Careful and carelessly.

Her too impertinent regard,  
And too much Modesty,  
The Clouds are which mine Eyes have barr'd  
From their deserved fee.

O clear and Soul-reviving Star,  
Whose sight doth try my trust,  
If thou thy light from me debar,  
Instantly die I must.

I cannot live without thy Beams  
And brightest influence,

O drive me not then to extreams,  
To crumple me to Dust.

*Dorotea*, who lay awake, contemplating of her last lucky Adventure, jogged *Dona Clara* the Judges Daughter, who heard and knew that musical Voice too well for her repose; she scarce had done it, but the Youth began to sing again as harmoniously as before, which made the young Lady fetch many deep Sighs, *Dorotea*, was very inquisitive thereupon to know the Cause, saying, she had heard some Whispering without that he, who sung, was but a Laquey or Horse-boy. Ah! said the young Lady, they are much mistaken, for though he appears by his Disguise to be no other, he is Son of a noble Man, who is Lord of many Towns, and for Love of me, whom he hath often seen, but by reason of his bashful Years, never had the Courage to tell me so much, follows my Father as his Servant, in the Habit you have seen him; and, to be plain with you, Lady, he has my Heart, though my Father is Ignorant of it, and never shall any

remove him from it, with this she tenderly wept, and *Dorotea* comforted her, with Hopes of a favourable Event, telling her what had befallen *Lucinda* and her self in that Inn.

*Don Quixote*, being now on the Guard, the Inn-keeper's Daughter, and *Mary Tormes*, rising very early, concluded to put a Trick upon him, which they effected in this manner: Getting into the Barn, in which there was a Window, looked through an Iron-grate near his Post, they in a Languishing Tone called to him, saying, A Lady Inchanting in that Castle desired a Kiss of his fair Hand; he turning about at the sound, and concluding it was really so, rode up, and pouring out many amorous Expressions, offered not only to grant this Favour, but to deliver her from her Enchantment. The Place was so high, that he was forced to stand on *Rozinante's* back, to stretch up his Arm, as high as he could reach to give the supposed Lady the Satisfaction she desired; the cunning Baggages, seeing our Knight so credulous, slippt a Cord about his Wrist, and fastened it to a Staple, and so went away Laughing, leaving him unable to relieve himself with his other Hand, by reason of the narrowness of the Place, where concluding he was Inchanting, he stood very patiently, till four Men came riding very violently into the Inn, about break of Day, having, after some hard knocking, forced the Gates, *Rozinante*, starting aside, let his Master's Feet go beside the Saddle, so that his Feet, not reaching the Ground, he hung dangling like a Toad in a string, calling upon his Lady *Dulcinea* for help, till *Sancho* creeping out of the Hay loft and perceiving it, run up, cut the Rope, and let him fall squalish to the Ground, where he lay

tumbling a good while, before he could reach his Legs.

The Men, who entered immediately, fell to quiring of all they found, for a Laquy, describing his Features and Habit, and being directed to the Stable, one of them seized him that sung so sweetly that Night, saying, *Don* I have I found your Honour, you must immediately back with us to your Father, who dies your Absence, unless you speedily set your before his Eyes to prevent it; ever since your departure, he has nothing but mourned, refuses to be comforted. I am sorry for that, the Youth; but mine own Affair is so weighty that I cannot return unless my own Life be by it, till I have settled a great Affair of Concernment, and then I will. Haste you then to my dear Father, and present my humble Duty to him, comfort him, as well as you can, and assure him, I shall not delay, as soon as Affairs will permit, to come and cast my self at his Feet, and then he shall know the Reason why I have thus contrary to his Knowledge, presented my self: To this they replied, Laying Excuses aside, he must prepare to go with them for they had a very strict Charge, if he would not come willingly, to bring him by Force. To oppose this, he drew his Sword, and the five Men encompassed him, this made a great Noise, and the Judge looking out at the Window, seeing one of his Servants in that case, who offered his Service; and had been taken into by him on the Road, without any further Knowledge of him at that time, for he had somewhat disguised himself, put on his Robes of Authority, and come down to know the cause of his be-

hauled; the Men knew the Judge, and immediately applied themselves to him, to employ his Authority, to cause the Youth to return to his Father, who concluding by his unwillingness, and the Tears that stood in his Eyes, there was some Mystery in it, upon knowing whose Son it was, took him apart to examine him, who immediately falling on his Knees, in the Judges Chamber, with abundance of Tears, declared it was the Love of his fair Daughter, that had moved him to this Disobedience, and without more he must die. The Judge was startled at his acknowledgment in one so young; but considering him of a noble Descent, he comforted him the best he might, and sending for his Daughter, who came all blushing, acquainted her with her, who modestly confessed her Love to him was no less; the Judge, who was Good natured, bid them rest contented, and he would consider what might be done in it; at which both falling at his Feet with many Tears, gave him a thousand Thanks: after this, he ordered some of the Servants to go and tell his Father where he was, writing a Letter to him at the same time, about the matter; and with the young Lord, his Daughter, Brother, and his fair Princess, departed for *Sevil*.

*Sancho* having freed his Master, as is said, and after looking out at the Inn-gate, saw *Gives Pastmount*, who had cloathed and coloured himself like an *Egyptian*, came riding towards him on the ass he had stolen from him in the Mountain of *Sierra Morena*: He thought to have passed by *Sancho*, who, with a furious Carreir, set upon him so violently, that he overthrew him. *Gives* fearing to be taken, got upon his Feet and fled, lea-

ving the As behind him ; upon this *Sancho* to kissing his As, and rejoycing as much as if had been instated in the Government of his promised Island ; but his Mirth lasted not long, he had scarce led him into the Inn, to tell joyful news of his Recovery, but the Barber who had been robbed of his Pannel and Bag entered with a Hute and Cry, to apprehend him and *Don Quixote* for robbing him on the Highway. The *Knight* and his Squire being wary of it, stood on their Guard, so that a fearful Combat began, *Sancho* and the Barber cuffed each other stoutly, and *Don Quixote* furiously engaged the two Officers that came with him, saying They were the lawful Spoils of the Field, and according to the Rules of *Knight-errantry*, ought not to be questioned for them, constantly affirming they were neither Bason nor Pannel but a Helmet and Horse's Furniture. After they had battered one another to some purpose, it was put to Decision, and the Company thinking of humour and favour *Don Quixote*, that they might the easilier get him away, affirmed he had been true, and no reasonable Man could contradict it, upon which the Barber, put hard to it before perceiving he had now so many against him, flung away in a great rage, leaving his Enemies crowing over his Spoils.

Having trifled away much time in the Inn, they thought it high time to be going, and giving our valliant *Knight* a full Dose of Wine, as soon as he fell asleep, the Barber and the Curate bound him Hand and Foot ; and, for the end, having caused a wooden Cage to be made, hired a Waggon drawn with Oxen ; they placed the Cage on it, and laid the sleeping *Knight* in



denio, *Ferdinando*, and their Ladies left them, then alering their Apparel, they caused the Wagon to be driven on, and *Sancho* to follow it; when he waked, they perswaded him he was In-  
 anted, which he, perceiving neither Hand nor  
 foot could be stirr'd, verily believed: Now *San-*  
 o seeing the Hopes of his Island come to no-  
 ing, roared out, telling who they were, and  
 at they had put a Trick on him; but it avail-  
 not, for after some slight Adventures on the  
 road, as batteling a Goatherd, crossed in Love  
 r'despraising Women; and being beaten by the  
 disciplinarians, who he encountered in their Pro-  
 fession, they conveyed him to his House, to the  
 unspeakable Joy of the old Woman and Niece.

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*The End of the First Part.*

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The Much-esteemed  
**HISTORY**

Of the Ever-famous

*Don Quixote de la Mancha,*  
 Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face

The Second Part.

C H A P. I.

*What pass'd in the House after they had brought him Don Quixote in a Cage, perswading him he was Enchanted: How, in spite of all their Cautions, he and Sancho made a third Sally in search of Adventures. How he sent his Squire to Toboso to demand admittance of the peerless Dulcinea, with the comical Adventure of the three Country Women, into one of which, Sancho perswaded his Master Dulcinea was transformed by Incantment. The Combate he had with the Knight of the Lightning-glasses, and who he was.*

Don Quixote being at his own House, they carefully put him into a Bath, washing and refreshing his tyred Limbs, put him to Bed, dieted

of Don Quixote de la Mancha. 103

and enjoyned him Silence, that he might better recover his Wits and Strength; and so leaving him to the Care of the old Woman and his Niece, rewarding Sancho with ten Duckets, they sent him away to his home. Sancho was likewise received by his Wife and Children with great demonstration of Affection, tho' the Children were more over-joy'd to see Dapple the Ass than their Father, because he had been their Play-fellow from his youth.

About ten Days after this, the Barber came to the Curate, and it was agreed they should go visit their Patient, to see how time and repose had altered his Constitution; it being early, they found him a Bed, but they no sooner entered the Chamber, ere he got up and dressed himself, when Chairs were set, and they had taken their places, talking about sundry Matters referring to State and Religion, our Knight answered so reasonably, that they inwardly rejoiced, concluding they had wrought a perfect Cure, and all his Whimsies and Conceits about Knight-errantry were vanished; but coming to harp upon that string for a further Tryal, they found themselves much deceived, tho' he discoursed moderately about it, as to what he had done in his former Fits and Ravings.

Whilst this Discourse held, they heard a great Coil at the Street-door, and at last down-right Blows, which made them start up to see what had occasion'd the Disturbance, where they found Sancho, the old Woman, and Niece at it tooth and nail; for he coming to see his Master, and know when he should have his promised Island, they had debar'd him entrance, reproaching and reviling him in scurilous Terms, as a Traytor and

Villain, who, in his Magots and Whimsies, had caused the good *Knight* the last time to leave his House, and run such eminent Hazards of his Life. *Sancho*, on the other hand, stoutly denied it, laying the fault on his Master; however, *Don Quixote's* coming parted them, and taking *Sancho* by the Hand, led him into his Closet, to shelter him from their Fury, who had grievously clawed his Face; and pulled more than half his Beard off; and there reasoned with him a considerable time, whilst the Curate and the rest listened to their learned Discourse: *Sancho* urged his Deserts and Sufferings, recounting all that had passed on his part in their late Adventures; That he had told his Wife and Daughter how near he was to have been Governour of an Island or some Great Man on the Continent, which had so inflamed them with ambitious Desires, that they led him a weary Life for slipping so fair an Opportunity, and he foresaw it would be yet worse with him, unless he found out some way to make his Word good to him; and, further his Fears were, seeing he had been so unthankfully dealt withal, his Name might be left out of the History, and so his part of the Action buried in oblivion, and consequently the Name of the *Panchaes* not be handed down to Posterity, for the ennobling his House, and equalling it with the *Dons* of Spain, who have founded their Houses upon less worthy Adventures or memorable Atchievements.

*Don Quixote* heard him with a deliberate Patience, and then replied, Friend *Sancho*, what has been in my power I have done for you, and therefore I cannot but take it Ill you should repine at my past Bounty; I would indeed have made thee Governour of an Island, but you see,

when

when I was just preparing to attend the Princess to *Aethiopia*, I was unluckily Inchantèd, and so the Island slippt out of your Hand, of which otherwise you had infallibly been Governour. I say, replied *Sancho* hastily, it was a Trick put upon you, and you was no more Inchantèd than my Grannum's Mare; nor do I believe that fair Woman to be Princess or Queen, for I often saw her billing and kissing a Man of the Company in the Inn, which makes me rather take her to be some light Housewife or *Lady-errant*, for I never heard Queens use such freedom or familiarity. Speak, *Sancho*, with more Reverence and Respect of that Great Princess of *Micomicon*, or you will stir my Anger, which at this time I would not have break out upon thee; I know she is a Queen, that all we saw in that cursed Inn was by Inchantment, which deceived thy sight; I know, moreover, I was Inchantèd, and therefore let this suffice thee in what I know, without contradiction, unless thou intendest to pull an avenging Ruine on thy idle Pate. Upon this *Sancho* was silent, and both coming out, after the Curate and Barber had held some Discourse with them, they parted, having before charged the old Woman and Niece, if they perceived his roving Fit took him again, instantly to certifie them of it, and, in the mean while, to suffer no Books of *Knight-errantry* to come into the House, no nor his Squire, who, being himself now infected with Whimsies, would not fail to set him agog to be gadding, that he might have the Island in the Clouds, or an Earldom in *Terra Incognita*, a strange Country never yet found out. They promised due Observance in all this, and so they very friendly parted, as is hinted.



The House being clear of Strangers, *Don Quixote* went to Breakfast with a good Stomach; his Niece waiting on him; when his Appetite was satisfied; the old Woman came to help her to take away, and one word bringing in another they fell to discourse; the old Woman first opened, telling her Master she could not but greatly wonder, that one so generally Wise and Discreet as himself, and well descended, should give the World occasion to make so many Remarks on his particular Folly, reciting many Passages she had heard from different Hands; to her the Niece joyned, and both of them intreated him for God's sake, and that of his own Health and Reputation, he would be guilty of no more High-way or Inn-brawls and Bickerings; but if he would needs show himself worthy, and a Knight indeed, he might repair to the King's Court, and there by his worthy Services, gain Reputation and Renown.

You talk simply, said *Don Quixote*, I am no Man for the Court, I have always been plain down-right, and never learned the Art of Flattery; beside, there are Carpet-Knights, who indeed love to Feast well, and sleep in a whole skin, but are Enemies to Hardships, Watching in Armour in frosty Nights, and Sleeping on the cold Ground, enduring Hunger and Thirst, suffering Smart of Wounds, and the like; and when pushed on to the Combate, a Man of Straw makes them tremble; therefore, to a Man of my Morals, you may spare your foolish Advice, in despairing to have it accepted.

The good Niece perceiving plainly she beat the Wind, gave over, much lamenting her Uncle's Obstinacy; and *Sancho* urging him underhand to make

make a third Sally, it was privately agreed between them, to steal away unknown to any of the Family, as formerly they had done.

This was no sooner put in practice, but *Don Quixote*, against all the Dissuasions *Sancho* could use, resolved to pay a Visit to his peerless Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso*; when they came within a Mile of *Toboso*, Morning began to dawn, and *Sancho* intreated his Master to stay in a Wood till he went to her Palace, and prepared her for his Reception, urging, that since he had never seen her, it would look rude to break in upon her privately, especially so early in the Morning, perhaps before she was up, or at least dressed in her Princely Ornaments, without which, it were likely she would not care to be seen, by so renowned a Heroe and her Lover. These Reasons weighed with *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, after a long charge given how respectfully he should behave himself, switched on *Dapple*, and hasted to the Town; but, after long Enquiry, not able to find her, for the People affirmed, there was no Princess liv'd in that place, nor was it likely there should, in so poor a Village: He resolved not to return without some good News however the World went, and, as Fortune favoured him, he espied three Country Wenches, making ready their Asses to go to Market, and watching at a little distance to see if they took the way where his Master stood Centinel; to his great rejoycing he found they did, and must pass very near him, for the Road lay by the Wood-side, where his Master was planted. *Sancho* hereupon came trotting his Ass in a puffing heat, and being within hearing, cried as loud as he could, Sir Knight, prepare to receive your peerless Princess, who no sooner heard of your Name,

Name and Fame, and having sufficiently inform'd her of your great Actions, but she ordered her Equipage to be made ready, and sent me before to acquaint you with her coming. And is she coming! Will she vouchsafe so great a Favour and Blessing to her suffering Knight? said *Don Quixote*, transported as in extasie. She is, said *Sancho*; there is no resisting our Stars, she could not do otherwise; lift up your Eyes, Sir Knight, and behold the peerless Beauty adorned with Stars, Suns and Moons; see what a dazling Lustre she casts around her; yonder she comes attended by two of her chiefest Ladies on snow white Palfreys. I see nothing, said *Don Quixote*, but three Country Wenches on grey Asses. How! replied *Sancho* hastily, not see her! sure your Eyes are in the Ecliptick this morning; or perhaps her Splendor dazles you so that you cannot see: Pray, Sir, snuff your Optricks, and look again the better to inform your self.

Whilst this Discourse held, the Wenches came whipping and spurring pretty near, singing in this manner:

*My Mother she told me, my Mother she told me,  
If I did not use my Thing, it would grow mouldy, &c.*

Hear you now, said *Sancho*, her angelical Voice. *Don Quixote* answered him not, but commanded him to advance and prostrate on his Knees, and receive her in his Name. *Sancho* was very obedient, and, taking hold of the middlemost, who was the tallest Lass, tho' Flat-nos'd and Blubber-lipp'd, with several Warts on her tann'd scurfy Face, humbly kneeled, saying, Queen, and Princess, and Dutchess of all Beauties! Let your High

High and Mightiness be pleased to receive into your Grace and Favour your captiv'd Knight, who stands shivering on yonder Hillock, for fear your Frowns should Thunder-strike him and sink him into the depth of all Misery. The Wench unused to such Accostings, yet not so much dash'd out of Countenance, but plucking up a good Courage, said, Prithee, foolish Fellow, unhand my Ass-bridle, and go thy gate, don't flout poor Folks: Stand away, I say, or I'll make Tib run over thy Shanks. Canst thou think we will be so foolish to lose our Market, in staying to hear such a Fellow as thou art prate Nonsense.

As *Sancho* was going to reply, *Don Quixote* came up to them, and kneeled by his Squire, but stedfastly, not without astonishment, beholding the ill-favourdness of his supposed Lady, cried out, with up-lifted Hands, O! I now perceive but too plain, my adverse Fortune is not satisfied to have scurvily used me hitherto; but, ah me! Wretch that I am! it hath shut up all the Passages by which true Content might come to this my despairing Soul, since the wicked Inchanter, that persecuted me all along, has now cast Clouds and Mists over mine Eyes, in transforming the Mirror of all Beauty into a homely Country Wench, and, perhaps, me into a Hobgoblin, which makes her so uneasy of my presence. *Sancho* having by this time let the Asses Bridle go, she goaded the sturdy Beast, who, rushing forward, threw them both over, and scampered away a full trot; the other two following in the same manner, but in too much haste, the Pack-saddle turning round, down she came backwards, her Heels uppermost, and her short Coats about her Ears; so that *Sancho* by this time got up, thought he

he saw the World turned Topſie-turvey. *Don Quixote* could not refrain Bluſhing, yet pitying his ſuppoſed transformed Lady, as ſoon as ſhe had gathered her Coats and hid her brawny Thighs, he run, and with many endearing Expreſſions help'd her up, ordering *Sancho* to ſet her Pack ſaddle to rights, which was turned under the Affes-belly; it was no ſooner done, but, wreſting out of our Knight's Arms, ſhe fetch'd a carrier and, leaping over the Crupper of her Aſs, fix'd in the Pack-ſaddle aſtride, and, Whip and Spur in hand, rid away to overtake her Companions, who were by this time got aloof, ſtaying to expect her. *Sancho*, for this laſt Action, praiſed her exceedingly ſwearing, ſhe vaulted more dexterouſly than any of the Knights of *Caſtile*, vowing to be revenged of the Inchanters for this great Indignity, by cutting off all their Heads where-ever he could light on them.

Whiſt *Don Quixote* ſtood melancholy on this occaſion, muſing on ſundry Matters relating to it, he was ſtrangely ſurprized by the approach of a Cart-waggon, covered ſlightly with Boughs, driven by a Fellow in the ſhape of a Devil with gilt Horns: In it were one reſembling an Emperour, with a Crown on his Head; another Death, with *Cupid* lying at his Feet; a third, a Soldier; a fourth, an Empreſs; the fifth, an Angel with large painted Wings: Theſe he concluded to be the Inchanters and Inchantreſſes; for Death had a Female Face: When, preparing to take revenge on them, a Fellow came running in a Fool's Coat, with a frightful Vizor on his Face, a ſhort Stick in his Hand, with three blown Bladders at the end of it, with Beans ratling in them; he advanced furiously towards our Knight, ratling his

Blad-

Bladders, and ſtriking *Rozinante* over the Noſe with them; which ſtrange Sight and Uſage made him ſo ſnort and ſling, that down came our Knight-errant with a Vengeance to the Ground, making the Earth ſhake with his Fall; and, whiſt he lay grovelling, the Waggon drove away full ſpeed.

Theſe were a Company of ſtrolling Players, who, having acted the Play of the Parliament of Death at one Town, were haſting to another, in the Habits they acted in, the better to draw the Crowd after them when they entered the Gares. However, this confirmed our Knight, that his Lady was abſolutely enchanted, and theſe no other than the Magicians that had transformed her incomparable Beauty into Uglineſs; for *Sancho* had told him, when he ſaw her in her Palace, ſhe was all dazling, like an Angel, beaming Brightneſs like the Morning-ſtar.

All this Day they travelled penſive, without any other Adventure, and Night coming on, they turned aſide into a Meadow, where there was much Graſs, on which they repoſed, to let their Beaſts feed. Having eaten their Supper, *Sancho* fell into his ſnoring Guize; but our Knight kept watch, reſting his Head at the Root of a Cork-tree, when, towards Morning, he beheld two Men come riding into the ſame Meadow, advancing pretty near him, when one of them, tumbling from his Saddle, ſtretched him on the Graſs, and the other alighting, took his Horſe; the firſt Man he perceived, by the Moon-light, was all armed, ſighing grievouſly, which made him conclude he muſt needs be a wandering Knight-errant; whereupon he awakened *Sancho*, which he had ſcarcely done, when the ſtrange

Knight,

Knight, pulling out a Lute, began to tune it and kept consort with his Voice in this manner :

*Permit me, fair One, that I follow may  
The Bound, cut out just to your Heart's desire.  
The which, in Mind, I shall esteem for ay,  
So that I never from it will retire.  
If you be pleas'd, my Grief shall you obey,  
And for your sake I will with Joy expire,  
If I may tell it you th' unusual way,  
I will, and make Love's self be my supplier.  
Fashion'd I am to Proof of Contraries,  
As soft as Wax, as hard as Diamond too.  
And to Love's Laws, my Soul her self applies,  
Or hard, or soft, my Breast I offer you,  
Grave or Imprint in't what your pleasure is,  
I secret swear it never to forgo.*

At the end of this melancholy Ditty, stretching himself, he fetched a deep Sigh, saying, O! for thy sake, most beautiful *Casildea de Vandalia*, what has not your poor Knight of the Glasses done and suffered! I have made the Knights of *Navarre, Castile, Leon, ay and Mancha*, to tremble at my Prowess, and crouch at my Feet. *Don Quixote*, who illy indured this, bawled out as loud as he could stretch his Throat, saying, That is a damn'd Lie, Sir Knight, who ever you are; for I am a Knight of *Mancha*, who never submitted to any mortal Wight. I know not who you may be, reply'd the Knight of the Looking-glasses, (called so because his Armour was all set with Moons made of pieces of Looking-glasses) but, since you have by chance over-heard what I have said, it matters not that I tell you I have

have conquered *Don Quixote*, the most valiantest Knight of *Mancha*, and compell'd him to own my Lady fairer than his *Dulcinea*, sent him to humble himself at her Feet, and confess me his Conqueror, and the most accomplished Knight in the World. I fear, reply'd our Hero, you were deceived by Inchantment in some other that personated him; for I never heard *Don Quixote*, who is my intimate Friend, was ever overcome by Knight or Giant in the World; and that I am ready to prove with my Sword in my Hand, by Night or by Day, on Foot or on Horse-back. You never heard of it, said the other; and may it not be done and you never the wiser? No, replied *Don Quixote*, without my knowledge it could not be done; for I am that famed Knight, and, tell you to your Teeth, You lie, and have basely aspersed my Honour; for which, as soon as the Morning dawns, if you confess not your Error, or sneak away, I will be revenged on your Body. The other affirmed it, and reply'd as fiercely. So it was agreed to try it by Combate, and the Conquerour to take all Advantages of the Conquered. The Squire also challenged *Sancho*, but he laboured to decline it, especially seeing him early, at Day-peep, have such a dreadful Face, his Nose at least eight Inches long, full of green Warts hanging over his Mouth, and, for fear of him scrambled up a Cork-tree, where the Squire pelted him, whilst the two Knights rushed to the bloody Encounter; but *Don Quixote*, being most expert in Arms of the two, striking him full on the Shield, the violence of the Shock tumbled him over the Crupper, he falling much bruised to the Ground. *Don Quixote*, glorying in his Victory, alighted, and, setting one

one Foot on his Breast, unbraced and took off his Helmet, adorned with curious Plumes, when, to his great wonder, he beheld the Visage of Sampson Curasco, a Batchelor-Student of Salamanca, and his intimate Friend, which at first he supposed to be Inchantment, and was about to kill him for blaspheming, as he said, his peerless Princess, in preferring another before her, and spurning upon his Honour in loudly lying, that he had conquered him: But the Knight of the Glass's Squire, seeing his Master in that desperate plight, came running without his great Nose, and, falling at his Feet, implored him to spare his Life, for all had been but a Frolick, they both being sent by the Curate and Barber, his Neighbours, to encounter him and his Squire, and all they would have done, had they conquered, would have been no more than to have enjoined them to have returned to their Habitations. Sancho presently knew the Squire to be his Neighbour, Thomas Cicil; and, upon pulling off his false Nose and Vizer, that had disguised him, it passed no further for an Inchantment, and so at this time, they parted.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. II.

*Don Quixote's strange Adventure with the Lions. The Trick Sancho served him with Curds and Whey. How afterward he changed his Stile of Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, to that of The Lions. The good Entertainment he found at Don Diego's House. How from thence, upon hearing the Story of the despairing Shepherd, he went to a Wedding, where a very strange Adventure happened by a Stratagem.*

Don Quixote, proud of his late Victory, and laughing in his Sleeve, to think how like a Fool the Batchelor, who departed not without some Threats, would return to those that sent him, with the lame Account of his Enterprize, kept on the Road, and overtook a grave Gentleman in Green, with whom, whilst he rid discoursing of Knight-errantry, Poetry, and other Matters, they espy'd, at some considerable distance, a covered Waggon, with Flags or Streamers upon it, which made them halt a little, to consider what it might import. In the mean while, Sancho, being his Master's Helmer-bearer, for the Weather was very hot, seeing a Shepherdess selling Curds in a little Cot by the Way-side, stept to her, and purchased a few for his own eating; but, having paid the Woman, and Don Quixote all on a sudden calling for him, unwilling to leave, and not having time to eat them, he clapt them into the Helmet, to eat them at leisure, little dreaming there would be such present occasion for it; but our Knight-errant, concluding some strange Adventure drew near, snatching the Helmet



out of his Hand, clapt it on his Head Curds and all; which being squeezed close, the Whey and part of the Curds run in abundance down his Face, which he wiping off with his Hand, and supposing by the Matter that it was his Brains coming out, fell grievously to exclaim against the Enchanters, who had found an Art, by the poisoning his Helmet, that it might divide his Scull to work their malicious Ends, in destroying the best Knight in the World. The green Gentleman, called *Don Diego*, looking wistfully, told him, It was no such matter, for it appeared to be only Curds and Whey; upon which our Knight, taking off his Helmet, found it to be no other, and in angry mood asked his Squire how it came so, who, fearing a Bumbasting, denied the Fact, perswading him it could be done by no other means than Incantment, which he easily swallowed, making *Diego* laugh at his facile Credulity: He had scarce wiped it and his Face, claping it on, but the Adventure drew so near, that they perceived the Flags were the King's Colours, and that there were only two Men attending the Waggon, tho' they knew not who or what might be in it.

*Don Quixote* expecting it might produce some notable Adventure, pricked on *Rozinante*, and demanded of the Men whether they had any captive Ladies in their Waggon, and if so, presently to set them at Liberty, or expect a Ruin and Destruction to follow him. They told him, Truly they had no Ladies, but a couple of Lions that had done less Hurt than some Ladies, and were carrying them to the King as a Present from the Governour of *Oran* in *Africa*, being the largest that ever were seen in *Spain*. Our Knight-errant pondering with himself, at last concluded, that if

he might fight with these Lions and overcome them, his Fame would be as great as *Hercules's*, who gained immortal Renown, and, after his Death, deified for killing the Lions in the Forest of *Nemeæ*, and others his Labours; resolved upon this, he drew his Sword, and, on pain of Death, commanded the Keeper to let his Lions loose, for they were in a wooden Cage, that he might Combat and fairly slay them: The Man looking on him to be no other than mad, intreated him, as he had respect to his own Life, to desist from so fool-hardy an Attempt, for they were now hungry and ravenous, and would infallibly destroy him, and perhaps others with him; but, notwithstanding their joynt Dissuasions and *Sancho's* Tears, who swore he had seen the Paw of one of them, by which he guessed the Beast that owned it as big as an Elephant, he obstinately persisted in his dangerous Humour, vowing to make himself obeyed, or sacrifice them every Mother's Son. The Carrier hereupon took his Mules out of the Team, and rid away for his Life; the rest scantpered, bidding the Devil take the hindmost, only leaving the Keeper with *Don Quixote*, who assured them, the Lions had been so often fed and cherished at his hands, that they would not meddle with him; but bid them bear Witness, that if the Knight happened to be slain, the Blood was on his own Head, for he had given him fair warning, and was compelled to do what he did.

*Don Quixote* being on foot with his Sword in hand, the Man went trembling to the Cage of the He-Lion, who was the largest and fiercest, and in an instant opened it; the Lion finding himself at liberty, came out to the Waggon-tail, stretch-



stretched himself, licked with his long Tongue the Dust out of his Eyes, and looked earnestly with his glaring Eyes on our *Knight-errant*, who stood to dare him to leap down; but the noble Beast scorning so insignificant a Prey, only lifted up his Leg, and pissing a full Stream, the Wind so drove it in the Knight's Face, that it almost drowned him, making his Eyes smart terribly; and whilst he was clearing them, the Lion went back into his Cage, and laid him down without any further regard. *Don Quixote* having recovered his sight, commanded the Keeper to force him out with half a dozen lusty blows of his Pole, that he might take severe Revenge for the Affront put upon him: But his Reply was, He durst not do it, for, being so enraged, he might as well fall upon him as another, intreating him to be satisfied in the Victory; for it could be accounted no less, seeing he had challenged his Enemy to the Combate, and he durst not answer him. It is so, and you speak Reason, said *Don Quixote*; but I pray Friend give me a Certificate of this under your hand, that this memorable Adventure may every-where find Credit, and from henceforth (as other *Knights* have on such Occasions changed their Titles) he would be called, *The Knight of the Lions*, and have the Device of his Shield altered as soon as possible. The Man gave him the Certificate, and promised him more-over, if he could speak with the King, upon the delivery of the Lions, he would acquaint him with this his valourous Act if he knew his Name. *Don Quixote* over-joyed at this, told him who he was, and leaving the Keeper, to whom he gave a Pistollet to call back the Muliter; now the danger was over, he pursued hard to overtake

Diego

*Diego* and *Sancho*; the latter seeing him coming, was over-joyed, for he verily believed his Master was at least a good part of him in the Lions Maws (and had greatly bewailed his loss) by so much Fool-hardiness, contrary to common Prudence.

Coming up with them, he shewed the certificate, and told them all the Adventure after their departure, unless the Lions pissing on his *Mustachos*, which affront he concealed, seeming to grieve, that he missed of the real Combat, though, happy it was for him, that the Lion was wiser than himself, in declining it; charging *Sancho*, on pain of his high Displeasure, to stile him for the future the *Knight* of the Lions: For by that Epithite, he intended to be known in all Adventures and Places. *Don Diego, de Miranda*, considering his boldness, and finding him amongst his mad Fits, to have a great deal of Sence; courteously invited him to his House, saying, he had a Son very Learned, but so addicted to Poetry, that he feared it would spoil him, by turning his Brain upon Whimsies, with whom he would have him converse about more serious Points, and see if he could wean from that overgrown Extravagancy, which *Don Quixote* promised. Arriving at the House, they were met by the good Lady, *Diego's* Wife, and their Son; who complimented *Don Quixote*, and the Squire in the gentlest manner, leading them by the Hand into the House: Which was gallantly furnished in all parts, after the manner of *Spain*. But what rejoyced *Sancho*, the most was, he heard the Spits a going, and peeping into the Cellars, found them full of Jars, which he doubted not but were replenished with good Wine. Being

ing lead into the Parlour, and seated on Velvet Cushions, Imbrodered with Gold and fine Pearls, *Don Diego*, gave his Lady an account of all that had happened, in relation to the Adventure of the Lions, and what other things he had heard from *Don Quixote*, which made him greatly to wonder at his Courage: In the meanwhile *Sancho* was got into the Buttery, cramming his Gut among the Servants, who were mightily pleased with his comical Discourses of his Master and his own Adventures.

The Cloth laid, and the Table spread with sumptuous Fare, with store of Wine, leaving off Talk, they fell to Eating, and all the while were accommodated with harmonious Music, but saw no Musician: Supper being ended, the Gentleman desired *Don Quixote*, and *Don Lorenzo* his Son, to walk into the Garden, and be better acquainted together; and withal he privately hinted to his Son, to dive into *Don Quixote's* Capacity; for, says he, at sometimes he talks exceeding reasonable, at other times he appears to me, to be little better than a Mad-man. The Son and our Knight, after this had a long Discourse, chiefly upon Poetry and Knight-errantry; the Youth repeated many of his Verses, and *Don Quixote*, told him Stories out of Books of Chivalry, and each praising the other to the Skies, they returned to the House, when the old Gentleman asking his Son, what he thought of *Don Quixote*, he told him, he took him for a wise Mad-man; that is a contradiction in it, said *Don Diego*; for, if he be mad, he cannot be wise; or, if he be wise, he would not be mad. Even as you please, said *Lorenzo*, but he is praising my Poetry, and extolling above all the

poets, made me conclude he had some Reason, but more Folly; and, I can do no less, than give him a good Word for his praising me. they would proceed further, but *Don Quixote's* hasty entering the Room, broke off the thread of their Discourse, begging leave to depart, for now it was high time to seek other Adventures; his request was kindly granted, and *Sancho's* Wallet, stored with the best Provision to serve them on the Way.

Leaving this famous House with wishes for their good Success, the Knight and Squire travelled over the Downs, till Night came on; when at a distance, perceiving innumerable Lights in a Meadow, they wondered what the meaning might be, and meeting a Peasant, desirous to satisfy their Curiosity in this particular, he told them, It was in order to prepare, against the next Morning, for *Rich Camacho's* Wedding with the fair *Quiteria*, a lovely Shepherdess, whose great Wealth had gained her from *Bassilius*, a comely Shepherd, to whom she had plighted her Troth, who was in all things accomplished, but wanted Riches: Upon this recital, *Don Quixote* greatly pitied the Shepherd's Misfortune, grieving that Money should betray and overpower Love, making even the fairest Beauties betray the Trust reposed in them, resolving to help *Bassilius* all he might to better his Fortune. Arriving at the Meadow, they saw a hundred Cooks busied in preparing Provision for the numerous Assembly expected in the Morning, and with them they took up their Night's Lodging, asking many Questions, and were briefly resolved.

Scarce had the silver Moon given bright Phœbus leave, with the ardor of his Beams, to dry

the liquid Pearls from the Grass and fragrant Flowers, ere People flocked thither from all parts, and the Shepherds, and Shepherdesses, nearly decked and crowned with Flowers, Danced and Sung melodiously to many amorous Tunes; then came others like Masquers, with a wooden Tower, wherein was a beautiful Damsel, with one representing *Cupid* assaulted with his Arrows, but in vain; but one representing *Mammon*, battered it with Bags of Money, it soon fell to pieces, and the Damsel falling on her Knees, yielded herself his Prisoner, but in the end was rescued and brought away by Love, whilst they repeated Verses to that purpose, and the Musick sounded harmoniously for no Cost was spared for entertaining the Guests. Soon after the Bride and Bridgroom came in with their Pomp, attended by a numerous Train, and the Parson of the Parish, who was to joyn their Hands: No sooner they prepared to enter upon the Ceremony, but the despairing Shepherd *Basilus* came attended with many Friends; he was in Mourning, crowned with Cyprus, and a Truncheon in his Hand, which claping to the Ground, and leaning on it, he in mournful Speech began to ease his labouring Thoughts.

Well knowest thou, ungrateful and not forgetful *Quiteria*, the Vows and mutual Promises that have passed between us; how often has Heaven been invoked to witness our Innocence and Sincerity, which, on my part has been kept inviolable? I come now to appeal to thy Conscience, what Injury thou hast done me to gratifie thy Ambition, in taking one less-deserving, tho' mortally wounded. This was looked on as a Trick to abounding in Wealth, and to lay this Life to thy Charge, which, after the loss of thee, is not worth my Care: Having said thus much,

he drew a sharp-pointed Tuck out of his Truncheon, and rushing on it with violence, the Blood gushed out amain, so that every one gave him for Dead, yet struggling and leaning on his Elbows, he raised a faint Voice, saying, O! *Quiteria*, deny not my last Request, even in Death, when all hopes of enjoying thee are taken away; let me find thee kind, that I may bless thee with my dying Breath, and calmly leave this World: say, Thou art my lawful Spouse, joyning thy Hand to mine, and it shall enable me to go contentedly to another State.

The Maiden blushed at this, the Bridgroom stood amazed, and the rest stood in suspence to know what this might tend to; but the Parson being consulted, advised the Bridgroom, that his Bride, without any stain to her Honour, might be permitted to fulfil the Request of a dying Man, that he might be confessed, and so depart in Peace; so that what he requested was performed, the fair Shepherdess declaring she did it willingly, and without compulsion, acknowledging her former Contract. *Basilus* thus obtaining his Ends, started up, and claimed her as his Wife by her renewed Promise, before all that Assembly, shewing by what rare Device he had deceived them, viz. stuffing his Jacket with Cotten, making him much more bulkey than ordinary, he concealed a leather Trunk, filled with warm Sheep's Blood in it, and through that Trunk he run the Tuck without touching his Body, tho' the Blood gushing out of it, made them believe he was mortally wounded. This was looked on as a Trick to betray the Credulity of the Bridgroom and his fair Bride; and a murmur arising in the Company, *Don Quixote* to prevent the two different in-

terested Parties falling together by the Ears, undertook to arbitrate the Matter, vowing, otherwise to fall upon the first that should begin the Fray, and after a long and learned Oration about Love and Constancy, damning to the Pit of Hell those that went about to disunite Hearts linked by a first Love and mutual Vows: He declared That the fair *Quiteria* did only appertain to *Bassilius*, and that possessing her as his Right, he should, when Fortune enabled him, defray the Charges *Chamacho* had been at. This definitive Sentence made the Shepherd's Party give a joyful shout, and in Triumph they bore the Virgin to their Village, who seemed not unwilling to go with her first Love: *Chamacho* at first seemed much discontented at her departure; but, a little after considering, that if she loved the Shepherd better than him, when a Maid, she would do so when his Wife, and blessed God he had not married her; so highly Feasting his Friends, he departed to his own House.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. III.

*The wonderful Adventure of Montefino's Cave in Mancha, into which Don Quixote descended by a Rope, finding Dulcinea Enchanted there, and many other strange and almost incredible things, as he related them, at his being drawn up. The comical Adventure of the Prophecying Ape and Puppet-show; but the most tragical one of Sancho's braying like an Ass, closing this Chapter with the dangerous Adventure of the Enchanted Bark.*

THE Marriage solemnized, and *Don Quixote* highly applauded by *Bassilius* and all his Friends for the favourable and just Sentence he had given, gained leave to depart, with some Gifts of value presented by the Bride and Bridegroom; when travelling with *Sancho* on a huge Moor leading to *Mancha*, he perceived, about a Mile before him, a Scholar riding on a Mule, reading in a Book, which made him set Spurs to *Refinante*, and hasten to overtake him, and soon effected it, the other riding but a leisurely pace; coming up, he demanded what Book he was so studiously poring upon. The Scholar told him, It was one of his own Writing, which he intended to have Printed, and stile it, *The Spanish Ovid's Metamorphosis: or, The Change of Things*; and, to perfect it, was going to *Montefino's Cave*, of which such wonderful Reports went abroad, to learn the Truth, and set them down at the latter end of his Book. *Don-Quixote* hearing him relate wonderful things of it and the River *Guidiana*, also of the Lakes of *Ruydera*, whom he affirmed

firm'd to have their Source from that Cave, resolv'd to accompany him in search of this rare Adventure.

Coming to the Cave's Mouth, very spacious they found the Passage over-grown with Brambles, Weeds, and wild Fig-trees; but to remove that Obstruction, *Don Quixote* drew his Sword and hewed a Passage to the fearful Mouth of that vast Chasma, but there being no Steps of descent, *Sancho* was sent to the neighbouring Village to fetch a hundred Yards of Rope; but, as they were letting it down to see if it would fathom the bottom, hanging a little Weight at the end of it, there came rushing or on fluttering Wings, a vast number of Crows and Daws, whom the unusual Noise had disturbed in that dark Recess, where they usually roosted, and forcibly striking against our Adventurers at unawares, beat them down, which so disheartned the Scholar, who was but half witted, to that degree, as made him decline venturing: However; the never-daunted *Don Quixote* ordered the Rope to be immediately fastened under his Arm-pits, and commanded them to let him down, which they did, and the Rope almost all run out ere he ground'd; when fastning the end to the stump of a Fig-tree, they sat down and talk'd of divers Matters to give our valiant Knight leave to search about the Cave, that, returning to the light, he might give the fairer account of his Adventures: About an hour after the Rope wagg'd, which they looked on as a Sign, hast'd to draw him up, which they did much bemir'd, and his Hands and Face bloody in many parts, which Wounds he received by encountering with an Army of Bats or Flutter-mice, who bred there; when he was landed, the

raw damp Air had so suffocated him, that the sudden Change made him Faint away, closing his eyes, and falling into a Trance or Slumber, in which they let him continue some time to refresh himself; about half an hour after he awaked, and starting up as in an extasie, began to make his discovery briefly in this manner:

As I descended, I saw many fair Chambers and stately Halls, shining with Gold and precious Stones, beautiful Ladies in them playing on Lutes, and Knights exercising Feats of Arms, but the Rope went so fast, I could get no footing to enter them, and tho' I called, it seems you heard me not; at length I came to the bottom, which is a Temple of Alabaster, wherein are many Lamps burning about a Tomb of Marble, on which lay a Man of huge size at full length, compleatly armed, who stirr'd and often sigh'd; whilst I was gazing on him, a pair of Ivory Gates opened and discovered within a Castle of Christal, Jasper, Sapphire, and other precious Stones, out of it came a grave aged Man in a tawny-coloured Garment, his Beard to his Girdle, and Hair as white as Snow; he looked wistfully, and then embraced me with much Joy, saying, Welcome renowned Knight; *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, it is long since we, who have lived in these enchanted Places, have hop'd and wish'd to see thee, that thou mightest let the World know what is contained in this profound Cave which thou hast entered, call'd *Montesino's Cave*, an Exploit only reserv'd to be attempted by thy courageous Heart, and invincible Courage, come with me, and I will shew thee the Wonders it incloses, for I am *Montesino* the Governour of it, from whence it take its Name; then pointing to the



the Tomb, he said, This Man of War, lying on it, is my great Friend *Durandarte*, kept here enchanted as my self and many other *Knights* and Ladies are, whose Heart, after he was slain in the Battel of *Roncesvalles*, being a Peer of *France*, under *Charlemain*, I took out and presented to his beautiful and loving Wife *Belerma*, being now enchanted by *Merlin*, said to be begot by the Devil. He had no sooner spoke these words, when *Durandarte* turning about, cried aloud, Dear Cousin, *Montesino*, hast thou fulfilled my Request in carrying my Heart to my beloved *Belerma*? He told him he had: And then he turned again and rested satisfied: Then he told me how *Guadiana*, that *Knight's* Squire, lamented till he was turned into a River of that Name in *Spain*, often ingulging under Ground, and *Ruydera*, *Belerma's* Waiting-woman, with her seven Daughters and two Nieces, dissolving with continual Weeping, were turned into several Lakes of that Name, in the Territories of *Mancha*. The Scholar rejoicing at this Relation, as now having something material to finish his Book, bid him proceed.

I had, continued *Don Quixote*, scarce turned about, when I heard great Laments and Wailings, as of Women in Sorrow, and soon I beheld, coming out of a large Meadow, the Lady *Belerma*, with a great many Ladies after her, coming in Procession with Tapers, Beads and Crucifixes to her Lord's Tomb, which she did three Days in a Week; and tho' now she seems not so Beautiful as Fame reports her, this must be ascribed to the Mallice of the Inchanter, for once she exceeded in Beauty the lovely *Dulcinea del Toboso*, so much talked of in the World: At this I grew angry, and bid him leave Comparisons, for they were odi-

odious; upon which, he understanding I was her *Knight*, begged my Pardon; and no sooner had I cast my Eyes into the Meadow, but she and her two Companions, whom we saw in the form of Country-wenchs, on Asses, compelled thither by the Enchanter, spied me, and all three fell to leaping and skipping like Goats. Hold, hold, Master! said *Sancho*, for I can hardly believe this, for a Reason best known to my self; and, if you affirm it, I shall doubt the rest. You saucy Knave, hold your Tongue, said *Don Quixote*, 'tis sufficient I do affirm it; by the same Token she sent one of the Damsels to me with her Petty-coat, to pawn for three Shillings, to pay her Garnish, as being a New-comer and empty-pocketed; I had but two about me, them I sent, returning her Petty-coat, with an Excuse I was no better furnished: And so, after three Days stay, seeing many other Wonders, I pulled the Cord, and you drew me up. *Sancho*, tho' he refrained as much as he could, could not forbear bursting into a Laughter, affirming he had been in the Cave but one Hour; which so enraged our *Knight*, that, giving him a Douce on the Chaps, he set his Teeth a bleeding. The Scholar appeared to credit all, and set it down in his Book as authentick; and so, taking some Refreshment, they mounted, and, by Night, reached an Inn.

In this place they found a Man that had brought in a Load of Arms, as Pikes, Swords, Halbards, &c. *Don Quixote* thinking some Adventure was towards, made inquiry into the matter. The Man told him, they were to arm the Townsmen of *Ascarar*, against that of *Borneo* and other Towns, who had abused them. *Don Quixote* demanded the cause; when the Man



thus proceeded, It not long since happened, the Alderman of our Town, having lost his Ass in the Mountain, requested another Alderman to go with him in search of his Ass, and, if he was found, he would give him a good Breakfast for his Civility; he agreed to do it, and they proposed to Bray, that the Ass being in the Thickets, and hearing them, might answer; they did so, and often were deceived by each others Braying, instead of the Ass, often meeting to no purpose, so, giving him over for lost, came home, and the next Day had News the Ass was found almost devoured by Wolves.

This Braying of the two Aldermen taking Air, the Villages got it by the end, and when any of that Village passed by, or came to Market about their necessary Occasions, they would fall a Braying at them in ridicule, as if they had been Asses; which Affront they resolved to bear no longer, and therefore had challenged them to Battle, the others promising to meet them in a large Field, between the Villages the next ensuing Day, and, to furnish them, these Weapons were provided.

*Don Quixote*, who had listened attentively to this Story, concluded the Matter was in the main but a Jest, and no real Affront, and that, if he might, he would be there early the next Morning to advise them, and stay the Combate, or make head against those that were obstinate, and punish them for their Folly and Perverseness.

The Evening being long, the Host, to divert them, said, There was a curious Artist in the House, who had with him a Puppet-motion and a prophecying Ape, and, if they pleased, he would give

give them Satisfaction for a little Money. *Don Quixote* did not much regard this, till *Sancho* urged him to see these things; for the Ape might tell them what strange Adventure should next befall them, or precisely when he should be put in possession of his Island or long-promised Earldom. Whereupon *Don Quixote* ordered the Show-maker, whom the Inn-keeper called Mr. *Peter*, should be ready after Supper to entertain him and other Guest that were in the Inn: At the time prefixed the Ape was brought forth, and *Peter*, clapping his Hand on his Shoulder, she jumped up, where, having placed some Chestnuts in his Collar, she immediately fell to mumbling at his Ear, which the Company supposed to be a whispering Answers to the thing demanded; and then the cunning Ape-master told them flim-flam Stories, which they readily swallowed, because they tended to their interest, just as the credulous Idiots do to Fortune-tellers, Gypsies, or our modern Pretenders to *Astrology*, who indeed know no more of the Matter than Mr. *Peter's* Ape. *Don Quixote*, among other Questions, demanded if what he had seen in *Montesino's* Cave were not real? The Ape was consulted upon it, and Mr. *Peter* said, She told him, it was partly true and partly false: Which somewhat displeased our Knight, tho' it made *Sancho* laugh in his sleeve.

After this, he proceeded to his Popper-show, representing the Adventures of *Don Guiseras*, one of King *Charlemain's* twelve Peers, rescuing the fair *Melisendra*, his beloved Spouse, out of the Castle, where King *Marsilius*, a Moorish Prince had inclosed her; yet had no sooner done it, by letting her self down at a Window, ere *Marsilius*, with a number of Moors, pursued to take them; and

and *Don Quixote's* mad Fit just then coming on him, thinking all was real, concluded himself, by his Profession, obliged to succour *Don Guisero*, and the distressed Princess, by hindring the pursuit of the Moors, and giving the Captive free leave to escape into *France*; whereupon, drawing his Sword, and crying out, Stay, Pagans! Stay, Ravishers! and let the beauteous Lady go free, he charged with such violent Blows on the Poppets, that he broke them and all the Work to pieces, ere any could hold his Hand, or persuade him to desist; and long it was after ere they could convince him of his Error. This made the Show-keeper whimper, and cry out he was three parts undone; for this and his Ape, which had likewise gone to pot, had she been in the way, was all he had to live on. The Spectators blamed our Knight, comforted the Show-keeper, and, with much difficulty, prevailed with *Don Quixote*, to put the Damage sustained to their arbitrament. The Reparation concluded on, our Knight ordered *Sancho*, who was his Purse-bearer, to pay the Money; which made him grumble not a little, thinking, by his Master's extravagancy, all the Money he found in *Sierra Morena* would be exhausted in a short time.

This Affair being over, early in the Morning, the Knight and Squire bethought themselves of the Braying-Adventure, and *Sancho*, concluding to meet with notable Sport, on so comical an occasion, urged his Master to be present; he, prompt enough in his own Inclinations, delay'd not his consent; and, paying their Shot, both mounted, and rode to the place, where they found about a thousand Men in Arms about a Standard, on which were lively painted an Ass,

lift-

lifting up his Head, his Mouth open, as if he were a Braying.

The Men, seeing *Don Quixote* and his Squire, took them for Heralds, sent from their Adversaries, to denounce defiance; and, opening to the right and left, gave space for their passage to the Standard, about which their Chiefs were assembled. *Don Quixote*, without alighting, relating what he had heard of their Quarrel, began a long Harangue, saying, It was no ways convenient, on so trivial a Matter, for so many Men to take up Arms in the Quarrel of one or two, and that it rather ought to pass for a Jest, which would be the easiest way to make it forgotten. This Discourse displeased the Chiefs, and set the rest a grumbling. *Sancho*, perceiving and thinking to bring all off with a Jest, resolved to shoot his Bolt, and, in a Blundering manner, said, Honest Friends, What does it signifie, if your Aldermen did Bray like Asses? It was with a good intent, to recover the lost one; and that which is done with a well-meaning, ought rather to be applauded than despised: I have known many Men proud of such a Trick, when, in Braying, they could counterfeit an Ass to the Life, and make many Asses answer them at once; nay, in my youthful Days, I could do it with a good Grace, and believe I have not forgot it yet, as you shall hear: Upon this, in an unlucky Hour, setting his Hand to his Throat, he fell a Braying, that the neighbouring Hills resounded the Eccho. Upon which Dapple brayed, *Rozinante* neighed, and as many Asses as were within hearing answered him. But this unreasonable Braying was looked on by the Men of the Village as an insufferable Affront, concluding them fool-hardy Fellows, sent from their

their

their Adversaries, to nose them, turned to the poor Squire and Dapple, doing them great harm; for the unmerciful Rusticks, stirred with Indignation, fell to cudgelling them in such a sort, that *Don Quixote*, notwithstanding his unmatched Valour, was forced to fly the Field from a Shower of Stones, that rattled about his Ears, leaving *Sancho* and his Ass miserably bruised behind him; when the Villagers, concluding they had taken sufficient satisfaction for the Affront, gave truce, and laid the unlucky Squire on Dapple, whom they had almost lamed, Head and Heels, like a Calf, and, leading him out of their Ranks, sent him after his Master, who stood aloof off, expecting the event. He no sooner approached him, but his Mouth opened with bitter Exclamations, upbraiding his Master with Cowardise, for leaving him in such distress. Now he saw plainly what a Fool he had been in leaving his dear Wife and Children, to follow so shallow a *Knight-errant*, whose backing his Friend, consisted in turning his Back and shewing him a fair pair of Heels. *Don Quixote* grew angry at this, and would have revenged the opprobrious Language, had not his Squire suffered enough Bastonading in all Conscience for one time; but when his Choler was abated, he mildly said, *Sancho*, Bear patiently what has fallen to your lot: You must be Braying, with a Pox to ye, out of Season: Know you not, since you are so often at Proverbs, how distasteful a thing it is to speak of a Rope in a hang'd Man's House? My flying was no Cowardise, but a prudent Valour, to reserve my self for a better Fortune, as many gallant *Knights* have done, the Books of Chivalry not being without such Examples; for had I been shot or knock'd on the head here, the World, that

that gives no Man his due, would have said, I run my Head into this unnecessary Quarrel, on purpose to be brain'd, because I despair'd of finishing my undertaken Adventures, to free the Earth in her four Quarters of Gyants, Tyrants, and Monsters. *Sancho*, whose Pain was great, replied little to this; but at length, getting astride, they jogged softly on, till they came to the pleasant Banks of the River *Heber*, where they found a Boat tied to a Stump, no Person in it, nor any looking after it. *Don Quixote* staring at the Sight, as in an Extasie of Joy, said, Now, *Sancho*, a worthy and honourable Adventure is offered, and I was by Miracle preserved from the former Mischiefs, that I might be able to finish it. This Bark is sent me by an Inchanter; who, favouring some renowned *Knight* in distress, calls me to his aid. *Sancho* made many Objections, as fearing the Water more than a Cat; but his Master alighting, laid his positive Commands on him to tye *Rozinante* to the Tree, as also his Ass, of whom the favouring Inchanter would take care till their return, that none should dare touch them, but immediately fall into a deep Trance; and tho' the Adventure were 3000 Miles off, the Boat, guided by Magick, would be there in three Hours, without the help of Sail or Oars. *Sancho* unwillingly obeyed his Command, and, not without Tears, got into the Boat, often calling to his Ass, not to forsake the place till his return. And *Don Quixote*, cutting the Rope with his Sword, let it drive in the Stream, which carried it directly on to a Water-mill in the middle of the River, which our *Knight* concluding he had already sailed beyond the Line, took for the place where he was to finish the Adventure. But *Sancho*, whose

As bray'd within hearing, scrupling it, *Don Quixote*, for an Experiment, bid him thrust his Fingers into his Collar, and perceive if he could find any Lice there; for, continued he, it is a known truth, they all die as soon as that Circle is passed. *Sancho* obeyed him, but found his Back-biting friends, that often turned his Back-biting, had not left running about the inside of his Donnet, but were scaling his Collar in Swarms. Whilst they were intent on this Foppery, they perceived not the danger that threatned them; for the Boat was in a manner entering on the Mill-wheels, that would unavoidably have crush'd them in pieces, had not the Millers, taking them for no other than Mad-men, resolutely bent on destruction, cried to them, and with their long Poles kept off the Boat. *Don Quixote*, who perceived them all in white, daubed with Mill-dust, not minding the danger, whilst *Sancho* hid his Eyes, lamenting and ready to die for fear, taking them for the Inchanters, stood up, drew his Sword, and commanded they instantly delivered the Knight, Lady, Damsel, or whoever it was they kept Prisoner in their hellish enchanted Castle, or he would shower such unheard-of Vengeance on their Heads; as to make it a Terror to all Posterity, when it was so much as named: But whilst this Discourse lasted, the Millers, who little minded his Words, striving to keep back the Boat, a sudden Gust of Wind over-set it, and *Sancho* and his Master whelmed underneath, had certainly perished, had they not let down the Mill-fluce and stopped the Wheels, by which good Luck, having time to lay hold of them with their long Hooks when they rise, they dragged them ashore, and used such Means, by setting them on their Heads,

heads, to pour out the Water they had swallowed, and giving them some *Aqua Vita*, they recovered, but could not speak in an Hour. In the mean while, the Fishermen running, perceiving their Boat gone, and broke against the Mill, for they were within sight of it, made reprisal of *Rozinante* and *Dapple*, whom, the Knight and Squire, coming to themselves, and perceiving the mistake, were forced to redeem, at the Price of the Boat, when the Millers in their Corn-boat had set them ashore. *Sancho* again blaming his Master, who, as he said, sought to destroy him by foolish Adventures, making a resolution to leave him, but the Adventure following hinder'd it, and cemented a Reconcilement.

#### C H A P. IV.

*How Don Quixote encountered with the fair Huntress, who he took for the Gooddess Diana; who she proved to be. How he and Sancho were conducted to her stately Castle, and, amongst other Adventures, that rare and remarkable one of the Manner of Dis-enchanting Dulcinea, that happen'd in a Forrest adjoining; which was to be accomplished by Sancho's whipping himself, to which, with much difficulty, he complied.*

**A**FTER this Misadventure, for so *Don Quixote*, contrary to his wonted manner, stiled it, they travelled along the Banks of this pleasant River, enammell'd with all the flowry Sweets of Nature, till they came to the Edge of a stately Forrest, hearing the Sound of many little Silver Bells,

Bells, and the Yelping of Spaniels; our Knight sent *Sancho* before, to see who was in it, or what might occasion these Salutes of their Ears; scarcely had he enter'd amongst the Trees, but he came trotting back in great haste, crying, O, Master! here is *Diana*, and all her Nymphs about her, clad in the most curious rich green Robes of Huntresses that ever my Eyes beheld, and, by their transcendent Beauties, they can be no less; nay, I think they have gotten *Astleon* with them, for there is a Man there tall and comely, with a Hunter's Spear, and a Horn at his Back, as like the Picture of him, as one Nut is like another. Yet I might fancy *Diana* has left her old Trade to turn Faulconer; for there's a lovely swinging Hawk, perching on her Fist. *Don Quixote*, at first, fancied he had seen a Vision of Faries, that used to dance in green; but drawing near, and hearing Humane Voices, he resolved to venture in, and the first Object that saluted his dazzled Eyes, was a peerless Beauty, sitting on a white Palfry, under the cool fanning Shades of a spreading Oak, attended by other Ladies, and guarded by certain Huntsmen in their proper Habits; he thinking at first they were captive Ladies with their Keepers, who had gained leave to recreate themselves out of some Castle nigh at hand; but seeing their Countenances chearful and not dejected, as such Ladies are wont to be, he drew nearer, and, bowing over his Saddle to her, who appeared the Mistress of the rest, said, Peerless Beauty, the Mirror of all Perfections, I am *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, Kt. of the Lyons, and the Avenger of the Injured; say if any one has been so stupendiously wicked, as to wrong you, either by disparaging your Beauties, or restraining your

Liberty, here is a Champion, that, with Sword and Lance, is ready to sacrifice his Life to redress your Sufferings.

The Dutches of *Medina Sidonia*, for no less she was, to whom he spake, Wife to that Illustrious Duke and Grandee; on a sudden casting her Eyes upon him, admired the strangeness of his Habiliments, but more that of his Countenance, Lean, Meager, and Hollow-eyed; yet having heard many odd Stories of his Exploits, in his two first Sallies, and a few of the latter, being a Virago in Man-like Courage, and exceeding Witty: After she had acquainted him that she was at Liberty, and none had injured her, those about her, being her Servants, she proceeded to express the Joy she had to see such a Knight, of whom Fame had been lavish, not only in *Spain*, but in remote Parts of the World, bidding him thrice welcome, and immediately dispatched a Servant, to advertize the Duke her Lord, who was in the same Forrest, what an honourable Man, was come to offer her his Service. The Duke who had heard as much, or more than his Dutches, of this fam'd Adventurer, many of his memorable Exploits being in Print, which he had read with great Satisfaction, as causing much Laughter, delayed not to joyn the Company, not doubting by his humouring our Comical Knight-errant, but to find pleasant divertisement in his Conversation; and after some Complements passing between them, the Duke intreated him, to do him the Honour to go with him to his Castle hard by, where he should be entertained as suited his Worth and Quality; yet one thing to make my Happiness the greater, continued he is wanting,



I see not your 'Squire, *Sancho Pancha*, of whose Worth and Fidelity I have heard very great things.

As *Don Quixote* was about to reply, *Sancho* who had all this while stood behind a Tree, and over-heard them, boldly advanced, and making his obeysance; said, Behold, noble Duke, thy trusty 'Squire your Highness mentioned; and let my Master here deny, if he be able, if I have not served him faithfully, and patiently, and undergone many a Bastinado to raise his Honour to the immense height it is aspired to: *Sancho* spake this so earnestly, that the Duke and Dutchess could not forbear Smiling, taking him for a very comical Fellow.

To be brief, *Don Quixote* accepted the Duke's offer, and rode between him and the Dutchess to the Castle, where the Servants, that were very numerous, stood in rows to receive them, crying out, as they had been directed, Long live the noble Duke and Dutchess, Long live the Cream and Flower of all Knight-hood, *Don Quixote, de la Mancha*, and *Sancho Pancha*, his trusty 'Squire. This Usage so puffed up our Knight, that he now concluded he was a real Knight-errant, being received, as he had read other Knights of his Degree had been; for they no sooner entered the great Hall, but the Trumpets and Haughtboys sounded, the great Guns thundered round the Castle, Silver Basons, and Ewers were brought, filled with Water like Chrystal, and curious Towels to wash and dry on; all the Servants attending very demurely in their respective Stations, according to their Lord's Order: The Tables were richly spread, and Evening coming, a thousand Lights adorned the House,

*Don*

*Quixote*, was Placed at the upper end of the board, though he strained courtesie to decline it, the Dutchess sat on one side, and a grave Chaplain on the other, the Duke chusing to sit at the lower end. The Provisions were no less than the spoils of Sea, Earth, and Air, as Fowl, Fish, Venison, &c. *Sancho* waited at the Table, and entertained them with many blundering Stories, punning upon his Master, for his unmannerliness, in taking the upper Place, tho' offered him, inferring a Clown might be known by his carriage, tho' his outward State appeared never so Magnificent.

All their Discourse was very pleasant to the Duke and Dutchess, tho' the Chaplain who was an envious upstart, tho' Ignorant, supposing some of the Words reflected on him, a gauld Horse soon winching, thinking to revenge himself, made a long Oration, in damning the Folly and Foppery of Knight-errantry to the Pit of Hell, averring it to be destructive to the Christian Religion, filling Mens Heads with an Ocean of Lies, and Whimsies, doing thereby more Mischief in the Catholick Church, than all the Heretical Books, since the time the Nicolaitan Heresie, was first set abroad, which is upwards of sixteen hundred Years.

*Don Quixote*, as Whimsical as he was, soon found the Chaplain's blind side, that he was not only Malicious, but Ignorant, so confuted and confounded him with hard Words, pickt out of Romances, glancing at the same time on his Function, as a lazy back-biting traducing and gluttonous Crew, creeping into Noble-mens Houses, to no other end, than to Eat up their Dainties, and betray their Councils: That the Chaplain being



being a choleric Fellow, could no longer endure it, but fell to raving like a Mad-man, swearing he could be no other than a Jew, an enemy to the Catholick Church, that would dare to disparage Holy Orders, and for that cause to be revenged, he would put him into the Inquisition, at this the Duke and Dutchess Laughed heartily, which made him madder than before, and flung out of the Room without saying Grace, or that *Don Quixote* could make him a reply; however the Duke and Dutchess praised him to the Sky, for mortifying their proud Chaplain, whose Birth commenced from a Swinherd. Dinner ended, they began to talk of divers Matters about Knight-errantry, and the Duke appearing a great Favourer of it, *Don Quixote*, grew lively in reciting his own Adventures, acquainting them with all his latter Atchievements, particularly that of *Montesino's* Cave; the former, as I have hinted, they knew before, as being in Print, which proved very much diverting to them, so that between themselves, they resolved to put a pleasant Trick on our Knight, to make him take in Hand the Adventure of disenchanting *Dulcinea Del Toboso*.

Whilst these things passed, a great clamour was heard under the Window, and going out to see what the matter was, they found *Sancho*, and the Dutchess old waiting Woman at it Tooth and Nail; for *Sancho* at his coming thither, having put Dapple into the Wash-house, mistaking it for the Stable, the Servants had turned him in to the Court-yard- and he meeting with the waiting Woman, cried, Here old Grannum, take my Ass, and put him up in the Stable for me, and be sure see he be well stored with Provender.

This

This she took for so hainous an Affront, that not satisfied with a thousand revilings, she had fallen upon him, and pull'd off near half of his Beard; for by the way, note, there is nothing so distasteful in the World to a Woman, as to tell her she is Old, tho' loaded with Years she stands trembling even at the brink of the Grave; beside, she looked on the Office, more fit for the Scullion-boy, than for one of her gentle Occupation, whose lowest Employment had been, to kemb the Fleas, out of her Lady's Island Shock, feed her Monkey, and Parrot, &c.

No sooner was there a Cessation of Arms, by the Duke and Dutchess's especial Commands, but both of them made their grievous complaints; but after many perswasions, *Don Quixote*, laying his commands on his 'Squire, and the Dutchess hers, on her Woman, they were brought to shake Hands, and seemed to be Friends. In the Evening, the Duke gave Order to his Forresters and Wood-men, to lodge a wild Boar, in Hunting which he intended to spend the following Afternoon; and the time passing away till then in Sleep, Mourning, discourses about the fair *Dulcinea*, and the Miseries of her Inchantment, after a splendid Dinner, at which were many Noble-men, the Duke's Neighbours, and some of the Prime of his Vassals, he invited them to the Hunting-Match, and in an instant, all things were got ready. *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, accompanied them, and coming to the Forrest, they found it beset with a very numerous Train of Wood-men and Hunters, so that their Shouts, the cry of the Hounds, and winding of the Hornes, made such a terrible Din, as if two mighty Armies had rushed together in an Encounter. The Boar in a little

little space was dislodged, the Dogs let loose, and after two or three Courses in the Chase, came down directly, where the Duke, Dutchess, and *Sancho*, and others stood prepared with Spears. *Sancho* terrified at the sight, slipt away, and scrambled up an old Oak, but the bough where on he sat astride, to keep out of harms way breaking, he fell, and in the fall, his new green Hunting-coat, the Duthefs had given him, catching on a snag by the way, he hung capering in the Air, with his Head downwards, unable, by reason of his unweildiness to free himself, he cried out for help piteously, but those that saw him took little Notice of him. The Boar being by this time just at Hand, the Duke, Dutchess, *Dor Quixote*, and others, stepped forth to oppose the furious passage of the Beast; and with their Spears, the help of the Dogs, and Wood-mens Glaves, soon made him yield his Breath to the odds of the Assailants. The Dutchess, a Woman of a Heroick Courage, being the first that wounded him with her Boar-spear, and gained thereby the praise of Conquering, though many of the Dogs in the conflict were killed, and some of the Hunters wounded; the Danger over, *Dor Quixote* hastened to relieve his dangling Squire, who grieved for nothing so much, as that the cursed snag had rent his new Garment, which he intended to have sent to his Wife *Tirefia*, *Pancha*, as the spoils of some Giant his Master had Slain, in order to make her self a Petticoat, and Waistcoat of it, for his Daughter's Wedding; but his Master comforted him with Hopes of better things ere long he should by wonderful means be put in Possession of.

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The Boar by this time taken up, was by the Huntsmen carried to a large Tent, under cool shady Beeches, in the middle of the Forrest, encompassed by a number of Arbours made of Boughs, and decked with Roses, Jessamine, and all fragrant Flowers in season. In these, Tables were set and Cloaths spread, the Duke designing to feast his Company there that Evening, whilst other Projects were in hand to divert them, and put a strange Adventure in practice; when they had taken a light Repast, they fell to discoursing about Inchantments till the Night came on, when all on a sudden, from the four Corners of the Forrest, the Guns roared and the Drums rattled, immitating terrible Thunder, and innumerable Lights appeared like Stars; at this surprizing Accident *Don Quixote* startled, *Sancho* trembled, and others, not acquainted with the Device, stood amazed, wondering what it should mean at so unusual a Season; then, as the Lights advanced, Trumpets, Haughtboys, Flutes, and all manner of warlike Instruments sounded dolefully, and a company of moorish Cries were heard, Leli, Leli, Leli, as they use when they joyn Battel.

Whilst the whole Assembly were, or seemed to be in a great Surpize, one came on Horse-back, stuck with flaming and red-glaring Glass-eyes, Nose and Mouth giving a terrible Light, as if Fire had issued from them, dressed as the Devil is pictured, founding a huge hoarse Horn. The Duke at his approach called to him, and demanded whether he was going; who with a fearful Voice replied, To seek the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, that I may inform the four Troops of Inchanters where he is, who are bringing a-

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long the Peerless *Dulcinea del Toboso*, who comes enchanted in a Triumphal Chariot, and with her the valiant enchanted French Knight *Montesino* to give order to the Manchans, how to dissolve her Enchantment. If thou art, said the Duke, the Devil, as thou indeed appearest to be, thou wouldst ere now have discerned that Knight who stands even before thee. On my Conscience, quoth the sham Devil, the hurry of my Affairs has so blinded me, that till you spoke I did not distinguish him from others, tho' indeed he is remarkably to be known above all Men. Certainly, said *Sancha* to himself, this Devil is an honest Fellow, for if he were not, he would never have sworn by his Conscience.

By this time the Devil had addressed himself to our Knight, saying, Sir *Don Quixote*, the valiant, but unfortunate Knight, *Montesino* sends to thee, greeting, O Knight of the Lions, commanding thee to wait his coming with the fair enchanted *Dulcinea del Toboso*, that thou mayest by his Directions have the Means in thy power to Disenchant her. He had no sooner thus said, but he posted away, when they heard several Carriages come rattling on, with squeaking Wheels that made a confused Noise: The first advanced full of Lights, with Timbrels sounding, and many strange hobgoblin Shapes in it; and, on a Chair exalted higher than the rest, sat an aged Man, with a long white Beard, in purple Weeds, who, with a loud Voice, cried, I am the Wise Man *Lirgander*; the Carr passed away with a terrible noise: and another, in like manner succeeded it, having in it a Man with a terrible bristly black Beard and Garments, crying, I am the Sage *Alquifin*, great Friend to *Urganda*; and so many others, till at length

then came a Triumphal Chariot, exceeding richly adorned with Guildings, drawn by four black-white Steeds, on a high Throne, canopied in Purple, sat a Nymph in Tissue, powdered with Spangles, that, by the help of the Lights, made a glorious Show; she appeared not above sixteen, exceeding Beautiful; next her came a page clad in a long furr'd Gown; when this Chariot came over-against the Duke, &c. the warlike Musick ceased, and Lutes and Violins played melodiously, they also ceasing, he in the Gown pulling it off, appeared just like the Image of Death, as if painted, looking so ghastly and dreadful that *Sancha* was ready to creep under the Dutches's petticoats, and hide himself for fear the ravenous Rascal should snap him up before it came to his turn.

The ghastly Apparition, who was in painted habit to resemble Death, after a horrible Groan or two, with a drouzy Voice thus began:

*I'm Montesino, dead five hundred Years,  
Rouz'd from my Cave (by this fair Lady's Tears,  
Whom Merlin has enchanted) for to declare  
The Ways to free her from her Grief and Care;  
That this may speedily be brought about,  
And she from Earth's dark Caverns soon let out,  
The fierce Enchanter, cruel, do's require  
Six thousand Stripes be laid o'th' Manchans' Squire:  
His Buttocks bare, the Lashes must proceed  
From his own Hand, until they soundly bleed:  
This Penance done, th' appear'd Inchanter will  
Restore her transform'd Beauty by his Skill;  
And she again shall view the happy Light,  
To the rejoycing of her woful Knight.*

Ah Pox! quoth *Sancho*, who had tremblingly listened all the while, what does this raw-boned Son of a Birch mean, to make me flea my self, or beat my Buttocks to Mummey; no, no, good Sir *Montesino*, and fair enchanted Mrs. *Dulcinea* the Butcher's Daughter, pardon me, for that I have always a natural Tenderness for my self, and often by Simpathy feel a Hurt before it comes at me: If you can find no other way to be discharged, enchanted, Lady of *Toboso*, you may e'en go and be chanted to your Grave for honest *Sancho*.

*Don Quixote*, who over-heard all this, fell into a great Rage with his Squire, said, Goodman Rascal, you Garlick-eating stinking Villian, have I fed you and brought you to this pass, to refuse so small a Courtesie to the peerless Lady of my Affections: Know Sicophant, you shall be whipt, I'll tye thee to a Tree in this Forest, and give thee six thousand times six thousand Lashes, and such as thou shalt not be able to claw off in twelve thousand Years. That must not be, said *Montesino*, he must do it voluntarily of his own accord; or if he will be pleased to take it from another Hand, that may lay it on soundly, *Montesino* has commanded me to remit half the number of his Stripes.

No, no, good Monsieur *Montesino*, no other Hand shall be laid upon my tender Flesh; And pray what is *Dulcinea del Toboso* to me? Answer her Mother that bore her trow ye, that my Buttocks should pay the Offence of her Eyes? She is stitched indeed to my Master's side, and is a part of him, his Life, his Soul, &c. and he methinks might rest contented to be soundly whip'd for her sake, and not suffer the damn'd Inchanter to put it upon me.

Scarce had he ended this Speech, but the fair nymph, arising in a sad, but somewhat angry posture, said, Ah! ungrateful Wretch, false to thy kind Lord and to me, canst thou dare to desert such a small Favour, and ever be able to look in his Face again? Ah! thou spotted Lizard, thou impoison'd Toad, how much of his Bread hast thou eaten? How has he taken thee from being a Beast to make a Man of thee, and dost thou thus requite his Favours in flatly denying to undergo Penance, which every tender School-boy has undergone without so much as winching, when it will free me, thy Sovereign Lady from such innumerable Griefs as I hourly suffer? Lash, lash, I say, that whack dirty tawney hide of thine, and set my smooth-skin'd Body at liberty, and then Fortune shall smile upon thee, and bless thee with her choicest Favours.

What say you to this lamentable Charge *Sancho*, said the Dutcheß, you cannot, but in compassion to the Lady's Sufferings undergo the Penance? Not I, byr Lady, quoth *Sancho*, for let your Highness pardon me, in putting my self to Pain for the easing of another; had it been the pairing of my Nails, or the clipping of my Beard, I should not much have stood upon it; but to whip my self worse than ever Dog was whip'd, I tell you plainly I abhor and abominate it with my very Soul.

The Duke who had heard this Dialogue, and could hardly forbear bursting into Laughter at the Credulity of the Master, and Simplicity of the Man, told him, If he would perform the allotted Penance he should have another kind of Remittance than bare Thanks; For, continued he, I will make you Governour of one of my Islands,



and put you into present Possession as soon as ever you have made an end of disciplining yourself. *Sancho*, who was naturally covetous and ambitiously enclined, began more to listen to this than to any Threats or Persuasions, and cast in his Mind how he might give himself the Discipline without any manner of Hurt; and having taken time to consider of it, at length he concluded to make a Whip of Cotten-candle-weights and at last to give himself half a dozen good Jerks with a Penny-cord, that some Marks at least might appear; and so running to *Don Quixote*, he told him, after long struggling with himself, and pitying the tenderness of his Flesh, he had nevertheless at last prevailed to undergo the rigorous Pennance, rather than offend so good a Master, or suffer so fair a Lady as *Dulcinea* to lie under the hands of wicked Enchanters. Our *Knight* finding him pliable, embraced him with Tears, saying, Now, good *Sancho*, you have won my Heart for ever, and all that I can do is too little for thee; I will lay thee in my Bosom near my Heart, and all the Spoils of the Field I shall gain, be entirely thine and thy Heirs for ever.

The News of *Sancho's* Consent was no sooner known, but the Guns roared a-new, the Musick struck up, and the fair Nymph giving him infinite Thanks, little thinking how he intended to elude them, and so the Chariot passed on; and those that remained with the Duke and Dutchess, followed them to the Castle, there to repose and expect the finishing the Enchantment.

C H A P.

## C H A P. V.

*The strange and wonderful Adventure of the Afflicted Matron, otherwise call'd, the Countess of Trifaldi; with the marvelous Effect of the Wooden-horse, that was to carry Don Quixote and Sancho through the Air as far as India, to kill the Giant Malam Bruno; and in what manner this was done, and the Enchantment finished.*

THE Duke and Dutchess perceiving how easily they had imposed on the credulous *Knight*, and his Squire, in the foregoing Adventure, resolved for the keeping up their Merriment, to frame another no less absurd than comical, which is called, the Adventure of the Afflicted Matron; and in prosecution of this Design, the Duke's Steward, a Man of an extraordinary Will, who had furnished out the former, and acted *Montesino* in it, was ordered to put his Invention on the Rack, to contrive this second piece of Divertisement.

When all things were in a readiness, the Duke and Dutchess proposed to dine, because the Season was sultry, in a curious Summer-house, seated in the middle of a pleasant Garden, accommodated with Fountains, warbling of Birds, fragrant Flowers, and Trees laden with the choicest Fruits in Spain, which made it seem a Terrestrial Paradise, all things being furnished out in the best manner. Dinner being scarce ended, and the Musick ceasing to play, ere the Garden-gates flew open, and the Gard'ner, who waited at the entrance, came running, almost breathless, declaring, with abrupt stammering, that a fearful Apparition

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parition had entered by force, and was proudly stalking towards the Banqueting-house, being near as tall again as two ordinary Men, with the most fearful long Beard he had ever seen in his days: At this unexpected News, *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* stood amazed, and the rest in compliance seemed no less terrified.

Whilst this Consternation lasted, up came the supposed Goblin, with a Truncheon in his Hand, and a mighty Cymeter hanging by a Chain at his Girdle, his Beard three Foot long, his Face dreadful to look on. *Don Quixote* concluded him to be, by his Aspect, answering to the Story, no less than *Mirandula*, a monstrous Giant that often fought with *Amadis de Gaul*, and sometimes worsted him; but as he was preparing to defie him to the Combate, thinking by such a Conquest to gain immortal Renown, the Gigantick Form cried, with a hoarse Voice, like half-spent

High and Mighty Sirs, I am called *Trisaldin*, with the white Beard, 'Squire to the unfortunate Countess *Trafindi*, long since enchanted, and now stiled the Afflicted Matron, who, being informed by the Inchanter, that the famous Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* was here, intreats that she may be admitted, with her Train of Ladies, to throw herself at his Feet, imploring his Assistance to Disenchant her. She may come in, said the Duke; and indeed here is, by Providence so ordering it, that famous Knight you mentioned, from whose Courtesie she may expect a Period of her Sufferings. The 'Squire hearing this, bent one Knee to the Ground, in token of Thankfulness, and returned to acquaint his Lady with the joyful Tydings; and whilst the whole Company were

were big with expectation of the Event, the Afflicted Matron, and her Train, approached in long Mourning-weeds, and Veils covering their Faces; they paced it to a symphony of doleful Musick. She no sooner came before the noble Assembly, but she fell on her Knees, as did all her Ladies, who were twelve in Number, and embracing *Don Quixote's* Knees with a mournful Voice, she said, Before these Feet and Legs, I cast my self, O invincible Knight-errant, since they are the Basis and Columns of all Prowess; these Feet I kiss, on whose steps the Redress of my Misfortunes doth depend. O valorous Knight! whose heroick Exploits, obscure and darken the fabulous ones of the *Amadis*, *Belianises* and *Espeandiasus*. Upon this, leaving our Knight amazed, she addressed herself to *Sancho*, grasping hard his Hand, and saying, O thou Flower of all 'Squires-errant, loyal to thy worthy Master, and longer in Goodness than my 'Squire, *Trisaldin's* Beard, well maist thou vaunt that in serving the renowned *Don Quixote*, thou servest in Cipher the whole Band of Knights, that have born Arms in the World; I conjure thee, that thou become an Intercessor to thy Lord, that he may with a helping Hand, shower his Favours on the most unfortunate and miserable Creatures in the World.

Upon this, both the Knight and 'Squire generously promised their Assistance to redress her Grievance; let it be to dissolve Inchantments, Fight with Giants, or any other dangerous Undertaking whatsoever; bidding her, with assured expectation of Redress, declare her Grief.

With this generous Assurance, replied the Afflicted Matron, I will tell my Story, and conceal nothing from your knowledge: Know then, in

my younger Years, I waited on *Donna Maguncia*, Queen of *Candugia*, in the farthest Orient, who seeing me a grave and discreet Woman, committed to my Care and Tuition, the beautiful Princess *Antonomasia*, a Lady about fifteen, blooming in peerless Perfection, so that the Fame of her, drew many Princes, and great Potentates to be enamoured of her; but the Queen excused her Consent, when demanded, alledging, she was yet too young for Marriage; but the true cause was, she loved her so entirely, that she would have died, had she been removed from her, as in the end she did: In the Court was one *Don Clamixo* a Musician, very handsome, and most accomplished in singing, dancing, and speaking fine; this Man so bewitched me with Love-powder, that I doated on him, not a long time discerning his Drift; and then it proved too late, for after the many close Familiarities that had passed between us, he finding I doated, and was able to deny him nothing, took the boldness to demand my Consent, and Furtherance to steal away the Princess. I, as as I said, that could deny him nothing, with much Reluctancy consented: the Queen no sooner knew he had conveyed her away, but she banished me the Court; and within three Days died of Grief. Upon Notice of the Death of this excellent Queen, we all grieved exceedingly, and returned to Court, where *Don Clamixo*, in the Right of his Princess, took Possession of the Kingdom, prepared for the Funeral-Ceremonies of *Maguncia*. Are you sure, said *Sancho*, interrupting her, she was Dead? For Women, they say, have as many Lives as a Cat, which are nine; and therefore you might by so hastily shuffling her into a Tomb, perhaps, bury

ry her in a Trance, and do her much Injury. No, no, continued *Trifaldi*, she was dead, dead, as a Herring, cold as the face of Ice, no breath in her, to stir a Feather, or moisten a Looking-glass: Well we buried her, but scarce had we covered her with a Tomb-stone, when, to our great affrightment, we saw come riding through the Air, on a terrible fiery Dragon, the Monstrous Giant *Malambruno*, Cousin-German to the deceased Queen, who being also an Inchanter, immediately wrecked his Revenge on *Don Clamixo*'s Boldness, and *Antonomasia*'s Folley and Over-sight, in marrying so mean a Person, turning him into a huge Crocodil of a green sort of unknown Metal, and her into a brazen Ape, fastening them both to the Tomb, that they cannot be moved by any Might, till the Inchantment be dissolved. This done, he unsheathed a broad and mighty Symeter, and taking me by the Hair of the Head, I expected nothing less than my Head would fly off in a Minute, but he only made me Swear, to fetch presently all the Waiting-women of the Court; which I assembled, as having been their Matron; he reviled us in a harsh manner, and laid a Punishment unusual upon us who are all here present; for, to our perpetual Shame and Disgrace, unless the Charm be dissolved by his Death, our smooth and beautiful Skins, must continue wooded over with a Grove of Bristles; upon these Words, they pull'd up their Veils and shewed their Faces, with Bristly Beards of divers Colours; which made the Spectators wonder, and stand in amaze; the Countess, and all her Ladies, weeping bitterly, affirming, they must wear them till this Adventure was ended, for they were of such a stubborn Nature, that neither Razor nor Cisers would touch them.

*Don Quixote*, compassionating the supposed Ladies Misfortunes, promised to end the Adventure; but demanded, how he should get to the Giant *Malabrano*, that he might take his Head, seeing there were so many vast Seas, Mountains, and Deserts between them? Ah! good Knight, said the Countess, I have provided for your passage through the Air in a few Hours; my Squire you see here is a cunning Magician, and to this end he has stolen Skrew-peg, the famed *Pacquet's* Horse of Wood, who, by turning a Pin in his Fore-head, mounts in the Air, and will be in any Place with his Rider in a trice. She had no sooner said these Words, but four Men attired like Savages entered the Garden, bringing a Wooden-horse, whose Feet had Wheels fastened to them, and setting him down, departed without speaking a Word. *Sancho* seeing this strange Device, hung an Ass, and declared his Master might make the airy Journey himself, for he would not mount with him, to venture his Neck, though their Beards should grow as long as their Squire's. Upon which *Don Quixote*, grievously rated him by the Epithets of Coward and Villain; the Duke to encourage him, put him in Mind of his Island, promising him he should be put in Possession of it, so soon as ever he returned from finishing this Adventure; so that in brief he unwillingly consented, and both of them mounted, and were by *Trifaldi's* Order blindfolded, she alledging it was most convenient; for being to pass through so many Regions, in an immense height, if they happened to look down, it might turn their Heads, and occasion them in a fright to fall off, charging them not to peep out, for the Horse would light directly in *Malabrano's*

*Malabrano's* Court-yard. They believed this, and immediately all the Company, whilst some who were appointed, run the Horse about the smooth Sandy Walk, cryed with a low Voice, that might be heard as from afar, Now they mount! Now they soar aloft to the Region of the Moon! and blowing in their Faces and Back-sides. *Don Quixote* said, *Sancho*, I perceive we are already in the cold Region, where the Ice, and Snow, and Frosts are engendered, which by computation, is a thousand Mile from the Earth. He had no sooner said this, but a great many Crackers went off; Now, *Sancho*, said he, hear how the Thunder roars, and the fiery Bolts rattle and hiss in the Clouds; it is but a little to the Region of Fire. We are in it already, said *Sancho*: Ah pox of this airy Journey! it has already burnt my Beard off! and almost scorches me to Death. I must unhood-wink whatever comes of it, to take more Breath. *Don Quixote* charged him to the contrary, telling him, in terror, the Story of the Scholar, that was carried by the Devil on a Reed, from *Madrid*, to *Rome* in an instant, to see the Tragedy of the Great *Burbon*; in which sight the Devil charged him not to unblindfold, least he assuredly fell in *Dismay*. Now this Heat was occasioned by hot blasts, blown out of Iron-trunks, and lighted Flax, the Horse still moving on, till they supposed they had carried the Jest far enough to finish it; then, putting Fire to the Horse's tail, a number of Crackers, that were in his Belly, took Fire, and blew him up a pretty height in the Air, insomuch that the two Horse-men were canted and pitched in a Fountain; upon which a doleful Cry arose, He flies! he flies! and now his Beard is stricken off by the Thunder-bolts, thrown from the

the redoubted Hand of the World's chief Glory, the valiant *Knight of Mancha*, who has finished the Adventure, and in three hours returned to the Place where he sat out. This Voice they heard as they were scrambling out of the Water, sorely bruised with the Fall, for the Fountain was but shallow, and their Arses bumped against the bottom; scarce had they unhoodwinked and shook their Ears, when they beheld a Lance fastened by them in the Earth, and a Writing on a Parchment in Gold Letters, intimating, *Malambruno's Head* was stricken off with the Thunder-bolt, the Heroick *Knight of Mancha*, grasping in the Region of Air, had darted at him, by which means the whole Adventure was finished; when turning on one Hand, they saw the Ladies lying on Grass-beds, as it were in a Trance, with their Beards fallen off, very amiable to look on; who, upon our Knight's calling to them, immediately revived, and seeing their Deliverer, rose and fell at his Feet, giving him infinite Thanks, and praising God for his safe return with Conquest, from so great and hazardous an Enterprize. The Duke and Dutchess, who seemed to have retired, came and joyned with them in praising the Knight's Valour; and *Sancho's* Island was a-new confirmed to him,

Our *Knight* and *Squire* believed all this to be true, and afterward related wonderful Stories of their airy Passage; *Sancho* affirmed, he peep'd out by the way, and saw the Earth about the bigness in shew of a Hazle-nut, and the Men on it like Grains of Mustard-seed. *Don Quixote* affirmed, he looked up and found himself so near the Region of the Moon, that he could have touched it, had he not feared to mischief the World, by removing

moving it, and causing it to err in its motion; but how he came by the Thunder-bolt that beat off the Gyant's Head, tho' the Thunder they heard, *Don Quixote* protested, he knew not. *Sancho* told him, he was sure he grasped it in his Hand; for, bearing it backward, to give it a full swing, the Sparkles that flew from it had almost burnt his Beard off, and somewhat scorched his left Cheek; and with a Thunder-bolt he might be killed a thousand Miles off as well as if he had been just by him, and that might render the Journey the more speedy back again. *Don Quixote* was mightily pleased with the Words of his *Squire*, and said it might be so with a great deal of reason; but, however, since the Gyant was dead, as the Magick Scrole testified, and the Ladies made smooth again, *Don Clanixo* and the Lady *Antonomasia* restored to their pristine Shapes, it mattered not greatly by what Weapon he had brought it to pass.

These Discourses caused much Mirth, and the Evening was closed with great Feasting and Muck; and the Duke and Dutchess resolving *Sancho* should the next Day proceed on his Journey to take possession of the Government of his Island, ordered things fitting to be prepared for accommodating so worthy a Person in his Entrance on so great a Charge.

## C H A P. VI.

*How Sancho, being made Governour of an Island, Don Quixote laid him down Precepts for the well governing it. How he took possession, and had like to have been starved in the midst of Plenty, by the Knavery of a Physician. How his Wisdom appeared in deciding doubtful Matters. The Trick of false Alarm put upon him, to make him out of Conceit with his Governing. How, returning from it, he and Dapple fell into an enchanted Cave, and other Matters.*

**D**ON Quixote understanding he was to part with his trusty 'Squire, tho' to his high advantage or advancement, could not refrain to be sad and pensive; nor was Sancho less sorrowful, the Tears standing in his Eyes, and now and then he would fetch a Sob or Sigh; when his Master, calling him into his Chamber, and, shutting the Door, that none might hear, after they had condoled their approaching Separation, Don Quixote, made him sit down by him, saying, Honest Brother Sancho, the honourable Governour in Possesse, think it not amiss, before you go, to take on you so great a Charge, that I give thee some serious Advice, how thou mayest govern prudently. Sancho thanked him kindly, and Don Quixote went on,

When you are invested in this Dignity, Sancho, quoth he, behave thy self wisely and discreetly in distributing Justice impartially; fear not the Frowns of the Great, nor despise the Low Condition of the Poor; exact on none, nor give away what is thy proper due; seek as well to discover Truth from out the Promises and Corruptions

mptions of the Rich, as the Sobs and Importunities of the Poor.

When Equity is to take place, lay not all the Rigour of the Law upon the Delinquent, for the Fame of a Rigorous Judge sounds not so well as that of a Compassionate One.

If thou slacken Justice, let it not be by the weight of a Bribe, but that of a tender Compassion.

Let no proper Passion blind thee in another Man's Cause, for the Errors committed in that are most commonly incurable, and, if helped, it must be with thy Wealth and Credit.

If any fair Woman importune thee for Justice with her Tears, turn away thine Eyes, and consider her Cause at leisure, lest on a sudden thy Reason be drowned in her Tears, and thy Goodness in her Sighs.

Him that thou must punish with Deeds, revile not with Words, since to a Wretch the Punishment is enough, without adding reproachful Language.

Make not thy self too familiar with any, for that will bring Meanness and Contempt on thee.

Keep good Hospitality, and supply the Wants of the Poor, whose good Words will bear thee up against the Bickerings of thy envious powerful Neighbours.

Thus Don Quixote laid down his wholsom Model of Government, like another Law-giving Solon or Lycurgus; and Sancho, after having returned many Thanks, desired it in Writing, that, it being often read to him, he might remember it the better; which he did, with other Precepts more at large to the same purpose: And all things being in a readiness, with Tears in his Eyes, he took



he took leave of him, and went to his Government, nobly attended with a great Train, and was met without the Gates of the Capital City of *Baratera*, by a huge Number of People of all Conditions, with loud Acclamations of, Long live our new Governour *Don Sancho Pancha*; for they had been before-hand prepared with their Crew. And this supposed Island was no other than a large Town on the firm Land, lying in the Duke's Territories, the Inhabitants being his Vassals: They lead him immediately to the Town-hall, where a Chair of State was placed on an Ascent, and his Name, with the Date of the Year, written in Letters of Gold that he entered on his Government.

*Sancho* being placed in the Chair, with a Canopy over it of Crimson Satin, fringed with Gold, he there found about him a Steward, a Secretary, a Physician, and a Carver, with a large Attendance of Serjeants, and such-like Dog-whippers; the Secretary put the Staff of Authority into his Hand, the Steward clothed him with a Mantle of Purple, and the Physician placed a Cap of Crimson Velvet on his Head; the Carver, bowing low, demanded what Provisions he gave Orders for to be prepared for his Excellency's Dinner? To the last he reply'd, What you please, Mr. Carver, or as the Use is; for know, I am not over-dainty tooth'd, so be my Meat be wholsom and cleanly dressed, and I have enough of it. Whilst the Carver went to order Dinner to be made ready, the Steward said, There were several of his Excellency's Subjects of the chief Rank waiting without, desiring to be admitted to ask him a Question, according to Custom; by which they guessed at the Ability or Disability

of their Governour, as his Answer made it appear. Let them come in, said *Sancho*, for tho' I can neither Read nor Write, yet I think I have natural Abilities sufficient to deal with such clod-pated People as I have seen in this Island since my entering on my Government. Upon this their Aldermen entered, in the Name of the rest, and demanded of their new Governour, after a long formal Oration, Who was the first Man that scratch'd his Head? He paused a little, and then promptly answered, No doubt our Father *Adam*; for tho' he might be neither lousie nor mangy, he having a Head and Hair on it, no doubt sometimes was troubled with a Tickling or Itching, which might occasion him to scratch. They seem'd tolerably satisfied with this Answer: And then the new Governour said, I think now it is reason I should ask you a Question, to know the Capacity of the People I am to govern. They agreed it was convenient, tho' their Custom did not express it: Then, says he, who was the first Tumbler? Upon this they began to lay their Heads together, to know how long Tumblers and Rope-dancers had been in use. He seeing they shot wide of the Mark, said, Cudgel your Asses Brains about it no longer; I tell you it was *Lucifer*, who tumbled from Heaven before any Man was made. To this they all assented he had found it out, which none of them should have hit on; and so went away much satisfied with his Prudence and Sagacity.

The Table by this time spread in a large Hall, he was entreated by the Steward to take his Place in a Chair, set higher than the rest: At his Elbow stood the Physician with an Ebony Wand tipped with Silver; and ever, as *Sancho* was about to



to reach to a Dish of Partridge, Pheasant, Plover, or any other Dainty, the Physician touched it with his Wand, and it was immediately snatch'd away, telling him one sort of Food was too flegmatick, another cholerick, a third causing melancholy to abound, and a fourth too much blood, that would create destructive Feavers. What a Pox! said *Sancho*, what must I not eat then in my Government? If such be your Customs, I had better have staid at home and governed my Goats than such an Island, where they have a Custom to starve their Governour at his first coming. The Physician, making a long Apology, amongst other things, told him, this was done from ancient Custom, for the tender Care they had of their Governour's Health. What then, said *Sancho*, have you so great a Care of me, that I must eat nothing that is of a curious kind? Care indeed, to starve me! Yes, said he, you may have a little cool Water, about five or six Spoonfuls, and a little slice of Marmalade. Pray, Mr. Glisten-pipe, said *Sancho*, half angry, and wishfully staring on him, how, properly, may we call your Officiousness? My Name, Sir Governour, replied he, is, Dr. *Pedro Rezio de Aguero*; I was born in a Town called *Tittere a Furia*, between *Carguel* and *Almondoner del Campo*, Graduate of *Offuna*. Well, said *Sancho*, all inflamed with Choler, Mr. Dr. *Pedro Rezio de Aguero*, born in a Town called *Tittere a Furia*, between *Carguel* and *Almondoner del Campo*, Graduate of *Offuna*, get you from my sight immediately, or, in the Presence of God, and as sure as the Duke lives, I will so beat this Chair about your Calves-head, that you shall wish you had staid at *Tittere a Furia*, and not have come hither with your Impertinence

pertinence to starve the Governour of an Island. This spoken with much vehemency, soon frightened away the Physician, who well perceived the Governour would have been in good earnest, notwithstanding the Perswasions used to pacifie him, had he staid to debate the Matter. *Sancho* thus disappointed of his Dinner, pulled out some Bread and Cheese and an Onion, and eat it heartily, saying, he was as well contented with it, as if he had all their Dainties; and, for the future, he would diet himself as he pleased.

Now it happened, that a Post came blowing a Horn, bringing a Letter from the Duke, advertising the Governour he had been informed certain Enemies had contrived to assault the Island, and that four of them as Spies had already entered in disguise, lying in wait to kill him, because they much doubted their Success whilst his Abilities stood against them, bidding him be careful who came to speak with him, and to eat nothing that should be presented him.

The Secretary having read this, it much startled the Governour a while, but recovering his Courage, he charged them immediately to clap up Dr. *Rezio* in a Dungeon; for if any one killed him maliciously, it must be he, and with so trivial a Death as Hunger. Truly, Sir Governour, now there appears a Cause, that you ought not to be so angry with him, said the Carver; for the Duke in his Letter charges you not to eat of any thing that is presented; and these Delicates set before you were this Morning presented by a Nun, who are parlous Baggages at poisoning Governours, and that he well-knowing was careful to prevent it. You speak Reason, Mr. Carver, said *Sancho*; but pray, for the future, let me provide

vide my own Diet, a good Gammon of Bacon, and Olopodrida are Dishes I love, and there can be no danger in them.

Whilst he was thus speaking, one rapp'd at the Door with a Staff, desiring to speak with the Governour; he ordered him to be admitted, who, appearing a plain Country Fellow, was ordered in brief to declare what he had to say; hereupon he coughed twice or thrice to clear his Pipes, and then thus began:

I am, may it please your Excellency's Worship, a plain Husband-man; my Wife brought me three Sons, and since the Physicians have killed her. Like enough, said *Sancho*, and so they would do me, if I would let them: But, pray Friend, go on with your Story. One of my Sons, continued the Country-man, fell in love with a Damsel, very fair, yet she has but one Eye, crook'd-back'd, Baker-legg'd, yet his Passion is so great for her, he will have her, or run mad: She likes him well, but her Father, a covetous old Miser, will by no means consent, unless I give my Son a suitable Portion, which, God knows, I have not; therefore my humble Request to you is, That you would give me five or six hundred Duccats, that the Match may go on, and not be hindred for want of a competent Portion. Thou saucy old Knave, quoth *Sancho*, all in a Fury, it is not yet a Day since I came to my Government, and have not got one Farthing, nay, not so much as a Dinner, and hast thou the Impudence to ask me for five or six hundred Duccats? Where, in the Devil's Name, thinkest thou I should have them? Or, if I had, what is thy Son to me; did I beget him? Get thee out of my sight, thou hob-nailed, straw-bearded Villain; or I'll swear by the Duke's Life, I'll brain

ain thee with this Chair of State, thou impudent unreasonable Beggar. The Steward winked up- the crafty old Fellow, who had his Lesson be- fore-hand, and thereupon, turning his Back, he went sighing away without reply.

This Matter was no sooner decided, but two Men came to the Judgment-hall, one a Husband-man, the other a Taylor; the former alledged he had given the latter Cloth to make Capouches, and he denied to deliver them. What is the reason of that Friend? said *Sancho* to the Taylor. May it please your Excellency, He will not pay me for my Work; and the Cause is thus, He brought me Cloth, and asked me if it would make one Capouch. I measured it, and told him it would; he asked me if two, I said yes, and so came up to five, and it made them: Now, I being an honest Taylor, he says, I at first intended to cheat him, by putting him off with one for the whole, and yet thinks I have saved large Remnants; which, as I hope to find it in Hell, he wrongs my Honesty. *Sancho*, taking them to be a Couple of Knaves, and finding the other insisted not only to have his Garments unpaid for, but requiring Money for the Overplus of the Cloth, so he could not prove the Taylor had any left, desired to see the Garments; which being delivered, he adjudged one to lose his Work, and the other his Cloth, and so sent them to the Poor, alledging the Matter was intricate and doubtful, and therefore it was his place not to suffer the one to cheat the other. Upon this they went away discontented, yet his Justice was applauded.

No sooner was this over, but two Men came in, and one of them demanded Justice, saying he had

had lent the other ten Crowns in Gold, and he asking him for them, he denies he ever had them. I do not deny, said the other, I ever had them. Here, hold my Cane, whilst I speak to the Governour, and thereupon gave a Cane into his Opponent's Hand: I do not deny, continued he, but I borrowed them; but here I am ready to swear he had so many Crowns of me again; the other denied it, and *Sancho* ordered him his Oath, which was no sooner administred but he took back his Cane. This being noted by our Governour, after some pause, he desired to see the Cane: The Man, not dreaming any discovery could arise, readily delivered it to *Sancho*, who poizing it, found it was hollow, and, causing it to be ripped up, found the ten Crowns of Gold hid in it: So that by equivocation he saved his Oath; for when the Man had his Cane to hold, he had the Money actually in his possession, tho' he knew it not immediately. He ordered the Crowns to be given to the Man to whom they were due, and amerced him in twenty Crowns more to the Poor in the Prisons. For this Act of Justice he was highly applauded, and those that were set by the Duke and Duchess to manage him, found they were so far mistaken, that they should be fooled by his Understanding, and, upon giving up a true Account of his Proceedings, rather be laughed at themselves, than cause him to be a Jest, especially when with so much Prudence he decided the following Cause, which made the Steward and the rest hasten to end his Government.

It so happened, whilst he was sitting in the Chair of Justice, that a lusty Woman came dragging a Man in by the Collar, crying out for



Justice; and, having leave given to make her complaint, she said, May it please your Worship, Mr. Governour, this rascally Fellow, you see before you, meeting me in a Field, dragged me to a Gravel-pit, and there forcibly ravished me, I not being able to resist his strong Arms. Is this Charge true, Fellow? said *Sancho*. There is something in it, said the amazed Fellow; I had close Familiarity with her, but it was with her free Consent; and, indeed, she inticed me to it, showing I would pay her for her Civility, as she was pleased to term it: I gave her five Crowns, but not liking her Ware, seeing I will deal with her no more in that way, she in revenge has brought this Accusation against me. Well, said *Sancho*, by your own Confession, it seems you were nought together, and Vice deserves Punishment; however, to hush up the Matter, give her fifteen Crowns more, or to the Whipping-post you go. The Man, affrighted at this, drew out a Purse with so many Crowns, and put it into her Hand, upon which, by order, she departed; she was no sooner gone, but *Sancho* commanded the Man to hasten after her, and take away the Purse by force, if she refused to deliver it fairly, and he would bear him out in so doing; he was not slow to obey this Order, when immediately they heard him piteously cry out Murder; so several Officers were sent out to see what the matter was, some of which returned with scratched Faces and torn Hair, to require more help; for, in defence of her Purse, she plaid the Devil, and had soundly mauled them: at last, many hands overpowering her, they brought her in, and *Sancho* asked if she had still her Purse? Yes, said she, and

and mean not to part with it. When *Sancho* heard the Fellow and Officers declare how she had fought like a Dragon, he said, Ah! shameless Woman, had you been so valiant in defence of your Chastity as for this trifling Purse, you could not have been so easily dragged to the Gravel-pit; restore the Purse and the other five Crowns, or to hard Labour you go for a Twelve-month and a Day, without Bail or Mainprize. These words so terrified her, that she found a constraint to comply, and after said she would plot her Business with more certainty of success.

These and many other pieces of good Justice, got *Sancho* Fame amongst the Vulgar, and, in his nightly walking the Rounds, he was very circumspect: But now his Managers resolved to push on a Project to his hurt. After he had walked about the Town, and was returned home, in his first sleep an Alarum waked him of ringing Bells backwards, Trumpets sounding, and People running up and down, crying, Arm! arm! the Enemies are scaling the Walls; when immediately thereupon the Steward, Doctor, Carver, and others, in a seeming Dismay, came running into his Chamber, intreating he would rise, and arm himself; for upon his Courage and Conduct all depended. He thinking this was real, by reason of the Letter the Duke had sent, trembled from Head to Foot, intreating them to raise the People till he could make him ready, and get suitable Armour and Weapons. As for those things, said they, we have brought them with us: Up! up! and let us arm you; for on your Presence depends the Safety of the Place; the People

People at the Sight of you, tho' by Torch-light, will redouble their Courage, and beat the Enemy from their Scaling-ladders. In this while they had bound two large Shields about him with Ropes, put a Murrion on his Head, and a Colt-staff into his Hand, instead of a Leading-Truncheon, and, against his Will, hurried him into the Court-yard, putting out the Lights; where, hampered in that case, essaying to go, he fell down; then the Alarum grew more hot than ever, some run over him, others stood upon him, crying, Man the Walls, throw Wild-fire, scalding Oyl; down with the Mill-stones, and break their Scaling-ladders, with many other Military Expressions, insomuch that he was forced to pull in his Head, like a Tortoise, or they had trod his Ears off.

When they thought they had sufficiently plaid their Freaks, the Voice of many were heard at a distance, crying, Victory, Victory, the Enemy is beaten off, and the Town relieved, by the victorious Arm of our valiant Governour *Don Sancho Pancha*; then several took him up much bruised, and bore him with Shouts to his Apartment, where they put him to Bed and left him, tho' he slept not, what for Pain and thinking how he had been used, plainly perceiving it was a Trick put upon him.

As soon as it was Day, they attended to know how his Excellency far'd, and see if he had received any Wounds, considering, as they said, he was in the hottest of the Fight, and bore the Bruise of all. To this he only reply'd, He was glad the Town was saved. Then demanding what it was, at a Clock, and being answered Five, I 2 he

he hasted to dress him, got Dapple out of the Stable, and having put half a Loaf and a good Piece of Cheese in his Waller, to supply him on the Way, mounted. They, seeing this, came all about him, beseeching him he would not leave the Government of the Island, at least till another was appointed. To this he calmly replied, He found he was not fit for so weighty an Office, and that he knew himself able to govern a Herd of Goats; which, for the future, should be preferred by him before the Government of many Islands; his Intent being at present to return to the Duke and deliver up his Power, from whom he received it, having well seen his Folly, and dearly paid for it, since he left his Wife and Children to follow his whimsical Master: So saying, he spurred Dapple, and rushed from amongst them, saying, Naked I came hither, and naked I go hence; let other Governours follow my Steps, if they please, and starve as I have done.

*Sancho*, having left them laughing in their Sleeves, passed on till he met with a Company of Men like Pilgrims; one of them presently knew him, and, in the Name of the rest, invited him into the Grove hard by, and so swilled him with Wine they had got in their Bags, they being no other than Counterfeits, going about to delude Peoples Charity, that he, eating also plentifully of their Gammon of Bacon, fell asleep, as did they all, and so continued till the Sun was near set; yet, being within a League of the Duke's Palace, he doubted not but to reach it; yet, Dusk coming on, his Ais going out of the beaten Way, unfortunately fell with him into a deep Pit:

Where

Where I must leave them, and return to the Adventures that beset *Don Quixote* in the Duke's Palace during these memorable Transactions.

## CHAP. VII.

*How Altifidora, one of the Dutchess's Women, pretending to be in love with Don Quixote, whilst he was singing and playing on his Lute at his Window in the Night to answer her, a strange Cat-adventure beset him, much to his damage. How, undertaking a Combate, he found Sancho in the enchanted Cave, and how he drew him and his Ass out of it. How Sancho, going to whip himself in jest, to disenchant Dulcinea, was soundly lashed in earnest, &c.*

*Don Quixote* continuing highly esteemed in the Duke's Court, *Altifidora*, a witty and beautiful Lady, waiting on the Dutchess, feigned to fall in love with him, and often in the Garden, accompanied with others, she sung very doleful and passionate Love-Songs to her tuned Lute, relating her Passion at large, and imploring his Pity towards a distressed Damsel: But he, resolving eternal Love and Constancy to his *Dulcinea*, a long time regarded it not; but in the end, moved by her Philomelial Note, concluded to answer in the same manner; which he told to one of the Pages, of whom, to that end, he borrowed a Lute, who secretly communicated it to the rest: And hereupon a Plot was laid, that turned greatly to the prejudice of our Knight,



for no sooner had he tuned his Lute, and begun to sing, it being very dark, but a Machine descended from an upper Story to his Window, which was open towards the Garden, and his Ears were saluted with a confused hellish Noise, when, all on a sudden, a Board drawing up about a dozen of huge black Cats, that had been imprisoned in the Machine, leaped upon him, entering all in an instant at the Window, in hopes to make their escape through the Chamber.

Our valiant Knight no sooner saw this, but he concluded them Witches, sent by some Enchanter to torment him, whereupon, drawing his Sword that lay on the Table, a dreadful Combate ensued, in which one of the Cats, hard beset, seeing her Life in danger, resolved not to lose it tamely, and therefore, as the nature of a Cat is in such a streight, she leaped directly at his Face, fastning with her Teeth on his Nose, and on his Cheeks with her Talons, biting, scratching and sticking so fast, that not being able to disentangle himself, he was constrained to cry out for help, and several came running to his Assistance, who, with an iron Instrument forcing open the Cat's Mouth, made her forego her hold, and threw her out at the Window, at which the rest by this time were escaped; she left terrible Marks of her Fury in our Knight's Face, who verily took them for Witches, transformed into Cats shapes by his Enemy, the Inchanter, to put a Disgrace on him.

The Duke, hearing of this Cat-adventure, though he scarcely could refrain from Laughter, being told how our Knight had bestirred himself, chid those that contrived the Mischief; which, instead of a Comedy, had proved so

tra-

tragical; and the Dutcheß also compassionating him, sent *Donna Rodriguez*, her Waiting-woman with Oyntments and Salves to dress his Wounds, for no sooner had the others got him to Bed but the Anguish and Smart made him swoon away.

The compassionate old Gentlewoman, entering his Chamber, used her best Skill, and, having dressed him, and somewhat allayed the Pain, sat her down by his Bed-side, and fetched three or four deep Sighs, insomuch that our Knight, concluding they proceeded from some inward Cause of Grief, intreated she would tell him what troubled her, and as he was a true Knight-errant, bound to right the Injured, and relieve the Oppressed, he would omit nothing in his power to render her Satisfaction. Well, renowned Knight of *Mancha*, said she, after this Assurance, I will, without scruple, unbosom my Sorrows, which are very great: I had, continued she, in my younger Years, a Husband, Page to a noble Lady; and, as the hopeful Pledge of our Marriage, to knit our Loves the stronger, God sent us a Daughter, who growing up, my Husband being now dead, appeared so beautiful, that many of good Rank courted her: In fine, a handsome brisk young Fellow, named *Albuquerque*, Son to a rich Farmer of *Querco*, a neighbouring Village, so won upon my Daughter's Affection, that, after many Solemn Vows and Protestations, to make her his lawful Wife, she foolishly yielded to let him crop her tender Virginity before-hand; but, having thus wickedly gained his ends on her too much Credulity, he rejects and slights her, denying his Oaths, Vows, and Promises, leaving

her in abundance of Shame and Tears. I have moved this to the Duke, but for what Reason I know not, except, as a secret Fame goes, this young Man is his natural Son; for indeed the Farmer did marry one of his Cast-off Mistresses, who came a little too soon for this Boy; and many whispered, tho' speak out they durst not, that the Farmer, Hedge-sparrow like, only hatched a Cuckoo's Egg: Now my Request to you is, worthy Knight, that you would Challenge, and Fight, this ungracious Wretch, if he refuse any longer to Marry my Daughter, and by that means folding up the Crack, make her honest again.

She ended her Discourse with Tears and Sighs, which moved our Knight to so much compassion, that he vowed to right hers, and her Daughter's Wrongs, that the Offender was no Knight, which derogated somewhat from the Laws of Chivalry, as soon as he was well of his Wounds; and accordingly, in the presence of the Duke and Dutchess, the Waiting-woman and her Daughter, being there in Mourning-weeds, shedding piteous Tears, *Don Quixote* made his formal Challenge, though his Opponent was absent. The Duke well knowing the young Man was gone to the Wars in *Flanders*, to avoid this Match, when he saw no Persuasions would remove our Knight from the Combate, unless Reparation were made by Marriage, he threw down his Gage as a Pledge, that the absent Man should answer him in Combate; and accordingly he commanded *Tosilos*, one of his Laquies at a set Day, to arm and personate the absent Farmer's Son, and combat with *Don Quixote*. The Lists were prepared in the

the Field, where, over Night returning from his Government, *Sancho* had fallen into a deep Cave, which having been the obscure Vault of some ancient ruined Castle, he in searching a Way out, found many subterranean Caverns, intricately passing one from the other, and therefore supposed this happened to him by Inchantment; yet hearing Human Voice above Ground, he lamentably cryed out for help, and in a little space was drawn up, as also his Ass, to the Amazement of those that knew him: *Don Quixote* immediately ran and embraced him; to whom *Sancho* related the Cause he left his Island-Government, and told as many fabulous Stories of the Vault he had fallen into, relating to Fairies, Hobgoblins, and other strange Things he had seen there, that they exceeded what the other had related of *Montesino's* Cave.

Whilst *Don Quixote* was busie in releasing his Captive 'Squire, the Lacquey, casting his Eyes on the Beauties of the sorrowful Damself, who was present with her Mother, became enamoured, throwing his Lance at her Feet, and crying out aloud, he would instantly Marry her; which however, met with some difficulty, when they saw it was not the right Man; but the Duke promising a good Fortune, and the Dutchess the Continuance of her Favours, the Wench being at the same time mad for a Husband, to shelter her rising Belly, that difficulty was superated, and the Marriage consummated in a few Days: *Don Quixote* perswading them it was the Farmer's Son, but to dispite him, and hinder the Combate, the Inchanter had transformed him into a Laquey, intreating them to keep him up, fasting forty

Days, and he would return to his former Shape; but his Advice was not hearkened to. All the Train returning to the Palace, highly contented, the Duke took *Sancho* apart, and examined him, concerning his Government, who told him all the Particulars, as they had been sent in a Letter before from the Steward; adding, he had been deceived in his Abilities, and now by Experience convinced he was not fit for so weighty a Charge. The Duke very much pleased with the Plainness of the Man, and the Truth he had told him, gave him Words of Comfort, and in lieu of the Surrender, ordered him a Purse of a hundred Crowns.

It now coming afresh into *Don Quixote's* Mind, that his peerless *Dulcinea*, thro' the sluggish Negligence of his 'Squire, was not as yet disenchanting, called him to him, and urged him, with Threats and Promises, to finish the Undertaken-discipline, which, with some regret, he promised to accomplish in his Chamber that Night: This being over-heard by some of the Servants, a Plot was laid to yerk him soundly; so over Night a Page dressed as *Dulcinea* had appeared in the Chariot, and another like *Montesino*, hid them behind the Hangings, and when *Sancho* began his Discipline with his Cotten, with laughing and tickling himself, to think how he should impose on his Master and others, out they sallied, he being in his Shirt, and with Wire Hand-whips, fell so unmercifully on his Buttocks, that they hardly left a patch of whole Skin so broad as his Nail, declaring who they were, and that *Merlin* the Enchanter, sent them to inflict the Penance, seeing he had delaid it, by which means he might assure his

his Master, the Inchantment was finished, tho' he had not all his Stripes; and he that acted *Dulcinea*, required him immediately to repair to *Toboso*, where he should find her in her pristine Shape: *Sancho* gave little heed to their Words, but at every lash, skipp'd and roared like a Mad Bull. In the close they got secretly out at the Window into a Garden, ere those alarumed at his Cries, could enter the Room with Lights, where they found his Arse flead, and he all over in a bloody pickle, insomuch, that they could not but pity him, though most of them were conscious of the Plot: *Don Quixote*, who had heard his 'Squire cry out Murther, came hastening thither, commanding he should tell him who had injured him, and he would revenge the Wrong to the last drop of his Blood. A Pox! said *Sancho*, who do you think it should be, but your hard-hearted Mistress, and that old grey-bearded Knave *Montesino*, who, as I was chearfully disciplining myself, came rushing in, as they said, by *Merlin's* Order, and fell upon me so unmercifully with flaming Whips of Steel, that, a Plague take them, ere they left me, and vanished out at the Window, they made me as raw all over as a Cat; I may curse the Day you ever went to visit that Cave, for otherwise they had never troubled their Heads, to have found either you or me out. *Don Quixote* stood in amaze at this Relation; but no sooner he understood the Penance was finished, and that his peerless Mistress expected him at *Toboso*, but comforting *Sancho* in the best manner he could, caused him to be anointed, ferched Cordials to revive his fainting Spirits, and he, and *Donna Rodriguez*, sat up with him that Night, in which,

which, for the good Will she bore to *Don Quixote*, she discovered many secret Intrigues of the House, told him how the Cat-adventure happened, how *Altisidora* was a crafty Baggage, and only dissembled Love, to put Tricks upon him, and render him Rediculous; that she believed this unmerciful Whipping of poor *Sancho*, was of her contriving, and looking out at the Window, she found a Rope tied, by which the Whipsters had slipt down, which strengthened in them a Belief of what she suggest: This caused a grumbling in *Don Quixote's* Gizzard, and *Sancho*, who yet felt the Pain of his scourging, muttered, it was no ways convenient to coop themselves up amongst such ill-natured Lordlings, but rather again take the Field in search of Adventures, that might prove more fortunate and honourable to them. *Don Quixote* harkned to this, and the Moon casting her silver Mantle over the Evening-gloom, he ordered *Sancho* to convey their Beasts privately out of the Stables, in which he was so tractable and fortunate, that in a little time, undiscovered of any in the Castle, they mounted, and rode about two Leagues, where perceiving a curious tuft of Trees, making an Angle in Cross Roads, and not knowing which of them to take, there they resolved, in an unlucky hour, to Repose, till *Don Phæbus*, leaving watery *Thetis's* Bed, illuminated the Earth to give them more certain Directions.

## C H A P.

## C H A P. VIII.

*How Don Quixote, surprized by a terrible strange Noise and Cry, supposed a mighty Army was in rout, and fiercely pursued by the Conquerour: But preparing to Succour them, had his Heels tript up by a Herd of Swine, and he with his 'Squire, miserably trampled under Foot. A strange Relation of another supposed Inchantment: And his Combate with the Knight of the White Moons, in the Perilous Valley, and the Success attending it.*

Scarcely had our Knight and 'Squire stretched themselves on the verdent Grass, suffering their Steeds to feed at large, but Slumber, after revolving many Cares, began to close their Eyes, which scarcely had lulled them in the dewy Lap of sweet Repose ere our Knight, awakned by hideous Cries proceeding as from a great Number, jogged *Sancho*, who was snoring by him, who, after two or three stretches and yawns, between sleep and wake, demanded, what the Devil ail'd him to make such a rout. Thou beastly Sluggard, replied *Don Quixote*, canst thou snort on the Ground so securely, when Armies are engaged so near us: Look up, look up! I say, and see how King *Darmanto*, the Cruel, drives King *Pantipolondus's* broken Squadrons before him. See how he overruns the Field, and streams it with Blood! his cruel Sword blazing like a Comet, lighting his way to Destruction: Up, up, I say, and stand to your Arms, that we may by our Prowess win Immortal Glory, restoring the Battle, and turn the Scale of Victory, giving it to the Conqueror,

quered, and putting the Conquerour to Flight whilst he spoke these Words, he got on his Feet and was bracing on his Shield, the unruly Enemy rushed against him with such a violence, some between his Legs, others against his Thighs, in such Number, that making him stagger many paces backward, at last they brought him to the Ground, and unmercifully trampled over him with their wonted Cries: *Sancho*, who was not yet got up, had the same fate; the Faces of the Knight and 'Squire were miserably scratched and bruised; and on the supposed Army passed regardless of the Injury they had done, whilst the Knight cried after them, Stay, Cowards; and fly not my Vengeance, which is waxing hot in Anger to your Destruction.

Now the Reader may wonder what Enemies these were, that dared such Rudeness to the best of Knights; I, to resolve his Doubts, tell him, it was a large Herd of Swine, whom the Swinherds were driving to a Fair, held in a Village some Miles distant, in order to sell them, whose unmanerliness made them no Respecters of Persons: *Sancho*, whom one of them had bewrayed, whilst he struggling, held him by the Leg, informed his Master as much, yet scarcely could he gain belief to hinder his pursuing them, as soon as he recovered his Legs.

Whilst our Knight and 'Squire were in a hot contest about this matter, one affirming it was an Army, the other that they were meer Hogs, they found themselves surrounded by six Horse-men, and as many Foot-men armed, who without speaking a Word, caused them to mount, blind-folded, and bound their Hands behind them, and their Legs

legs under their Beasts Bellies, leading them in great fear to a Castle, and in the Court-yard, unbinding and unblindfolding them, caused 'em to alight: Their Eyes were saluted by innumerable lighted Torches, their Ears with Sighs and Groans, and their Sight with many strange antick Shapes, with glaring Eyes, and Mouths that seemed to breath Fire. Upon a Bier, richly adorned, lay a Lady all in white, at her full length; immediately they dressed the Knight and 'Squire in the Habit or Shape of Devils, very ugly and fearful to behold, dancing about them with flaming Torches, hedious Howlings and Roarings, singing this Song,

1.

*From Hell's dire Mansions we are come,  
To plague you for what you have done:  
See, Knight, the Victim you have slain,  
By Cruelty, and curst Disdain.*

2.

*Altifidora here lies dead,  
Her loss, Grief o're the World has spread;  
To make her Soul from Shades retire,  
Must be the Penance of thy 'Squire.*

3.

*Thou Torments too, who did the Fair  
Destroy, must with him to revive her share;  
Without such Punishment she must  
Be with the Dead in lasting Dust.*

Having sung thus, Sighing and Groans ensued,  
when

when immediately they fell to kicking, buffetting, and pinching *Don Quixote*, and *Sancho*, without intermission, for their asking any Questions, that they roared like mad Bulls, when they had sufficiently played this damnable Frolick, the Lady on the Bier began to move, and at length sat up, singing sweetly to soft Musick,

1.

*As kind as cruel now I see  
My dear Don Quixote, he can be:  
Who kill'd with Love, does me restore,  
Reviv'd and cured I ask no more.*

2.

*From Death, and from Inchantment free,  
Then I will ever, ever be;  
Come to my Arms, and be but kind,  
And you shall lasting Blessings find.*

She no sooner ended, but twelve Men, dressed like Savages in Horse-hair, and painted Coats, came running upon the Knight, as he was studying how to reply, hurried him out at the Castle-gate, together with *Sancho*, kicking them at a mad rate, saying, in a hoarse Tone, Begon, begone Varlets, the Lady is betrothed to *Oberon King of Fairy-land*, whose Wife, *Queen Mab*, dying of the Pip, lately left him a Widower; and sent by him to snatch her from your insolent Arms, we thus hurry you back to the place whence you came, and immediately Death awaits delay: This said they, mounted, blinded, and bound them,

them, carrying them to the place where they found them, in a very painful Condition, and there left them, by making so swift a Retreat, that they verily supposed them Spirits, vanishing in an instant; so that *Don Quixote* concluded, all they had seen and felt to be by Inchantment. *Sancho* in the mean while, grumbling between his Teeth, cursed them to the Pit of Hell, and more his ill Fortune, that he must be made the general Stock-fish, to be buffeted and pinched, and he knew not for what, for benefit of enchanted Damsels, whom he never had gained a Groat by.

Whilst the Knight and his 'Squire were in these Cogitations, lagging *Lucifer*, leaving the Skies, called up the Morning, when casting their Eyes around, they perceived it was the Duke's Castle, unto which they had been carried, and the Trick put upon them, they concluded (as indeed it was true) a Revenge for eating up his Victuals, and sinking away without taking Leave; upon which *Don Quixote* would have returned, but *Sancho* opposed it, saying, they had had enough; nay, too much of the damnable Courtesie of that Place. The Debate grew hot between them, and we know not what the Upshot might have been, had not a strange Knight come riding up to them, and with a loud Cry, bid *Don Quixote* Defiance, his Shield and Armour were painted with White Moons, he was mounted on a stately strong Horse; our Knight, who used not to be out-braved, without further considering who the strange Knight was, mounted *Roxinante*, and they having articulated, that in every thing the Conquered should submit to the Will of the Conqueror, rushed furiously together, but the Stranger, by a cunning flight,



flight, putting aside *Don Quixote's* Lance, shocked *Rozinante* so violently, with his strong Car-horse, that down he came with his Master on the Ground much bruised by the Fall; the Knight of the Moons was nimble, and immediately alighting stood over him with his drawn Sword, commanding him to swear to what he should enjoyn him as agreed on before the Combate, or he immediately should die. *Don Quixote*, who never before had been thus foiled in single Combate, though much ashamed and grieved at his hard Fortune, consented to swear, seeing it was conformable to the Rules of Knight-errantry, that the Victor might impose Laws on the Vanquished and in his case the rather, because it was an Agreement between them ere the Combat began: Then with a heavy Voice, he said,

O most valiant Knight, whoever you are, for no doubt you are Invincible, being able thus to put me to the foil, at whose very Name so many Giants and Knights have trembled, I submit to the Conditions you shall impose on me, how hard soever they may be, and swear by the peerless *Dulcinea's* bright Eyes to observe them. I will not, said the Knight of the Moons, put any rigorous Penance on you, though your Obstinacy, in contending with me, has deserved it; all I enjoyn you is, That the remainder of this Day, you watch the Road mounted, and in your Arms, and to Morrow early repair with your trusty Squire to *Mancha*, and there continue, without stirring out of the Village for a Twelvemonth and a Day. These Conditions, though they went against the grain, especially the latter, *Don Quixote* promised to observe; and fain would have known

known who the Knight was, but he would not discover himself; so they parted, and *Don Quixote* with *Sancho*, after they had dined, took their Posts on the Road, as had been agreed on; for *Sancho*, though he was free from that Fatigue, yet the Love he bore his sorrowful Master, would not suffer him to leave him in his Anxieties, but laboured to comfort and bear up his drooping Spirits, by laying before him how that many valiant Knights had been foiled one Day, and were Victors the next; yet he believed this was some Inchanter transformed into the Shape and Habit of a Knight to work him Disgrace. He was so undoubtedly, said *Don Quixote*; for no mortal Force, unaided by Magick, could have overthrown me. I believe it, said *Sancho*; it must be the Devil, or no Body.

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## C H A P. IX.

*Of the dreadful Encounter Don Quixote had with a Drove of Bulls, whom he took to be enchanted Ladies enterprizing their Rescue from the Drovers. How, much hurt in this Action, he came to Mancha: His Reception there. How he fell sick, and saw a dreadful Vision, which made him renounce all Knight-errantry. The Will he made. How, dying, he was buried: With the Epitaph on his Tomb-stone.*

WHilst *Sancho* sooth'd his Master with his wonted Flattery, they saw, at a distance, a Dust to arise, and, by and by, Horns to appear through

through the Cloud it made; *Sancho*, who first spied them, cried out to *Don Quixote* to quit his Post and be packing; for here, I believe, comes, continued he, a whole Troop of Inchanters, Devils with Horns as big as Elephants Teeth, Witches, and I know not what. All Peace, Coward, quoth *Don Quixote*; I perceive well enough what they are: Those that come behind with Magick-wands in their Hands, are Enchanters; those before, thou seest mostly white, are captive Ladies they are carrying to their Castles, and knowing, by their Art, I guarded the Road, they have changed them seemingly into the shape of horned Beasts, thinking so to pass by; for although thy dull Sight cannot penetrate the Mist they have by Magick cast before them, mine can perceive they are only Ladies transformed; and, for ought I know, my peerless *Dulcinea* may be in this seeming Herd; if so, she shall see what Wonders her valiant Knight can perform.

As they were thus speaking, the Herd drew near, and those that drove it, seeing *Don Quixote* put himself in the middle of the Way to oppose their Passage, cried, Madman! Get quickly aside, or the Bulls will bear thee and thy Horse to the Ground; but he, little regarding them, kept his Stand, daring them with his Lance, when one of the Bulls, who carried as it were Thunder in his strong Neck, of a mighty size, being provoked to Fury, (whilst *Don Quixote* was preparing to make a fine Speech, as, Fair Ladies, I am the Knight of the Lions, who am ordained by Heaven to right the Injuries of the Oppressed, &c.) run violently at him, and clapping his Horns on either side *Rozinante's* Neck, turned him sheer o-

ver,

ver, so that he rouled about on his Rider a long time ere he could get up. *Sancho*, seeing the other Bulls prepare to make head, bellowing loud, snorting and throwing up the Dust with their Feet, scoured off with Dapple as fast he could; and the Herdsmen drove on, for fear their Bulls enraged might do worse Mischiefs, insomuch that they were a League on their way ere *Don Quixote* recovered his Senses; by what time *Sancho* finding the Coast clear, came to his assistance, got him on *Rozinante*, and conveyed him sore bruised to the next Village. The next Morning they posted as fast as they could to *Mancha*, where they were highly welcomed; *Ann Felix*, *Don Quixote's* Niece, and the old Woman, run out to meet him, with Tears in their Eyes; but finding him exceeding ill, they got him put into Bed, and, at his Request, sent for the Curate, Barber, and *Carraasco*, who representing the Knight of the white Moons, had overthrown him in the desolate Valley, as he had been overthrown by him in the Meadow, when he represented the Knight of the Looking-glasses, undertaking these dangerous Adventures, on purpose to get him home, as it had been contrived amongst them, knowing if he was conquered, according to the fancied Law of Knight-errantry, he would sooner obey what was enjoined him, than all the Perswasions in the World could induce him otherways to comply withal: But, alas! they enjoyed him not long, for, worn and wasted with many Toils, Watchings and Fastings, adding to these the dire Effects of the multitudes of Bangs and Bruises he had received, they found in him a visible Decay, and that his Thread of Life was near wound up;

how-

however, in hopes to restore him, they sent for a Physician, who gave him Cordials and Portions, to drive him into a sleep, that tired Nature might find refreshment, and be so the better able to resist encroaching Death.

In his sleep he dreamed he was in Hell, saw the infernal Fury tossing to and fro, on fiery Forks, the many Authors of Books, containing the Feats of *Knights-errant*, laughing at their piteous Cries, and upbraiding them as egregious Sinners, in filling the World with so many Lies and Fables, that never had being but in their whimsical Brains, created to seduce People to Folly and Imposture: Others he saw hang'd up by the Heels on burning Rocks, and smok'd by old stump-footed Devils, stub-horned and crooked nosed: The Fuel was Roles of the Manuscripts; and, to upbraid them, round about them were placed enchanted Castles, made of gross black Air, and Troops of Female-Devils, in the shapes of beauteous Ladies, howling out at their Windows. *Lucifer*, the chief Devil, battoon'd others on the bare Buttocks, for so often belying him, in assisting their fabled Inchanters, and making imagined wooden Horses fly with *Knights* and *Damselfs* on their Backs three or four thousand Leagues in the twinkling of a Bed-staff.

These things, when he awaked, much troubled his Conscience; the first thing he did was to call for such Books of *Knight-errantry* as he had raked together since the Destruction of his Library; he no sooner saw them, but he ordered them to be burnt; sent for a Notary Publick, and gave Instructions for his Will, enjoyning therein his Niece, under a Forfeiture of all he left, which

was

was considerable, never to marry any that had so much as a thought on *Knight-errantry*, much more one that had read any Books treating of them. He gave to *Sancho*, after he had begged his Pardon for the Trouble he had given him, and the unaccountable Follies he had made him commit, part of his Patrimony, enjoyning him to turn Shepherd, and live a harmless devout life: In fine, he did well for all, as far as his Estate would reach; commanding *Roxinante* should for his Life-time be freed from all manner of Labour, and kept at ease for the Service he had done him.

Two Days after this, he died, and was honourably buried with his Ancestors in the Cathedral of *Mancha*, in old *Castile*, where his Arms hang up as a Trophy, and this his Epitaph is extant on his Tomb-stone:

*Knight,*  
**H**ere lyes Don Quixote, Mancha's renown'd  
 Who, when alive, did many Battles fight;  
*Knight-errants* Glory, many do him fame,  
 Tho' dying, he such Fopperies did disclaim:  
 His End above the rest the World must prize,  
 For dying (tho' he liv'd a Fool) so wise.

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